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# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

APRIL

1935



ELLEN FOLLOWS A HUNCH *by* CHARLES G. MULLER

# A Dillar A Dollar A Nine-O'clock Scholar



**H** EY, PUP," Jean caught up her wire-haired terrier, Bingo, "where do you think you're going anyway? We're on our way to school—and you can't go. No, sir!"

Joan laughed. "You stay home and take care of the house, Bingo. If you want to improve your mind while we're gone, you might read the May *AMERICAN GIRL*."

Jean snorted. "What a precious idiot you are, Jo! Do you think Bingo will prefer the articles or the stories?"

● "Some of both," giggled Joan. "Seriously speaking, I can't wait to get my teeth into the new installment of *The Heedless Haydens*. Aren't you intrigued with Jim Thorne? He's so sort of masterful. And don't you love the way he and Bendy always get into a scrap the very first thing? I'm crazy about that serial."

"So am I," agreed Jean. "And *The Thirty-nine Dimes Mystery*,

by Ellis Parker Butler, was grand, too. I got so excited over Rastus—and the Leslie Turner pictures were so funny."

"Swell. Have you read *The Hope Chest*, by Edith Bishop Sherman? Historical stories sort of get me. I just ate that one up."

● Jean drew Bingo's cocky little ears through her fingers. "Me, too," she agreed. "And I never enjoyed an article more than the one about radio, and the way all the sound-effects are produced. *Ears Only* is the name of it. It's written by George Kent."

"Yes, I read that. It was a knockout. I'll never listen to the radio again without imagining the broadcasting studio, and the actors at the mikes, and all the appliances for getting sounds on the air."

● "I do like articles that give you 'inside stuff,'" said Jean. "So you

really know how things are done, and what's going on behind the scenes. It's a help in growing up."

"By the way, how's the time going?" Her chum shifted her schoolbooks to the other arm.

Jean consulted her wrist watch. "It's ten minutes to nine. We'll be late if we don't step on the gas." She set the pup inside the fence and clicked the gate shut. "Go into the house, Bingo. Yes, I mean it! *Go right—straight—into the house.*"

●

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## CONTENTS for APRIL, 1935

Cover Design . . . . . Elizabeth Jones

Girl With Kitten—From a painting by William Morris Hunt . . . . . Page 4

### STORIES

The Blue Hat—*Edith Bishop Sherman*. Illustrations by Harriet Lenore O'Brien . . . 8

The Cave of the Moon—*Marjorie Maxwell*. Illustrations by Ruth King . . . . . 12

Ellen Follows a Hunch—*Charles G. Muller*. Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett . . 18

The Heedless Haydens, Part V—*Lenora Mattingly Weber*. Illustrations by Joseph Stahley . 23

### ARTICLES

You and Your Dog—*Esther G. Price*. Illustrated with etchings by Diana Thorne . . . 5

Your Room and Its Manners—*Beatrice Pierce*. Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli . . . 16

Baseball, Our National Pastime—*Edwin B. Dooley*. Illustrated with old prints . . . . 21

Make an Oilcloth Ensemble—*Anna Coyle*. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams . . 35

### POEMS

Portrait of Spring—*Frances Frost* . . . . . 14

Robin—*Grace Hazard Conkling* . . . . . 20

### CONTESTS

Cover Contest News . . . . . 30

Personal Appearance Questionnaire . . . 50

### DEPARTMENTS

In Step With the Times—*Latrobe Carroll* . 36

Penny for Your Thoughts . . . . . 42

Make Your Own Clothes—*Elizabeth Anthony*. Illustrated with diagrams and a photograph . . . . . 46

Laugh and Grow Scout . . . . . 47

Our Puzzle Pack . . . . . 49

### GIRL SCOUT PICTURES

Little Houses and Gardens . . . . . 26, 27

Worth Working For! . . . . . 28, 29

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AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER FIFTEEN  
GIRL WITH KITTEN—*Painted by William Morris Hunt*



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ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

APRIL · 1935

## You and Your Dog

*Choose your dog to suit your own temperament, advises  
DIANA THORNE, sensitive etcher of canine personality*

By ESTHER G. PRICE

RANCHER Thorne, coming in from a long ride across the Manitoba prairies, flicked his horse's bridle and sent her whinnying toward the corral, while he stooped to see what his little girl was up to. Mud pies, and *such* mud pies! No, they weren't either—they were animals modeled in mud. They all had four legs, and queer attempts at tails. Maybe they were dogs, and maybe they were horses—he wasn't sure which.

Pretty lonesome on a big ranch with your mother dead, your father out on the prairie rounding up the cattle, and only horses and dogs for companions. But Diana, busy with her mud pies, didn't think so. She loved horses and dogs—they didn't have to be talked to, and they always understood. They gave her a feeling of coziness without ever forcing her to demonstrations of affection like people did. She hated demonstration, and trying to make horses out of prairie clay was heaps more fun than playing dolls.

At first Diana's pastime amused her father. Later, when he found the backs of her school books decorated with sketches of dogs whose anatomy (considering the sketcher's age) was surprisingly accurate, he began to realize that his daughter had talent. He also knew she had moods, a temper, and a magnificent independence tinged with mischief.

There was never any telling just how she would meet new circumstances except that her reaction was sure to be forceful. Once when she was about twelve, and they had ridden for hours across the plains after a roundup only to find they couldn't reach home that night, Mr. Thorne



SCOTTIES UNDERSTAND QUIET, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE—  
MISS THORNE CALLS THIS LITTLE FELLOW POKER FACE

stopped at a lonely ranch and asked for lodgings. The owner granted the request and then, spying the girl, said gruffly that the man was welcome, but no girl had ever entered his house. Mr. Thorne, stung by the insult to his daughter, wheeled his horse into a biting night wind. But Diana, realizing how weary he was, gave the inhospitable woman-hater a level glance and said, "Go in, Dad. I'll sleep much better in his barn than you will in his best bed, and be in better company." The remark struck home and she was invited in, but declined. She slept and she ate her breakfast with the horses.

Today that same temper, whimsically independent girl from Manitoba lives on the

top floor of an old Manhattan brownstone, and spends her days catching the moods of dogs; then with etcher's needle and painter's brush, she makes them gifts to posterity. Aside from perfect craftsmanship, the thing that has made Diana Thorne one of the outstanding dog artists of our day is the fact that all her dogs have personality. She knows them inside and out, psychologically as well as anatomically. And so her portraits seem "real live dogs," not pen and ink ones.

There are gay dogs, and sad dogs, dogs up to tricks, and dogs in service. Each is indisputably an individual. There's no confusing Diana Thorne's dogs with those of any other artist, or with each other. Take the *Boston Sub-Deb*, for instance. Could you possibly confuse her personality with that of *Poker Face*? Or the character of *The Innocent* with that of *Jack-in-the-Box*? The famous spinner of dog stories, Albert Payson Terhune, says of Miss Thorne

Illustrated with  
etchings by  
DIANA THORNE



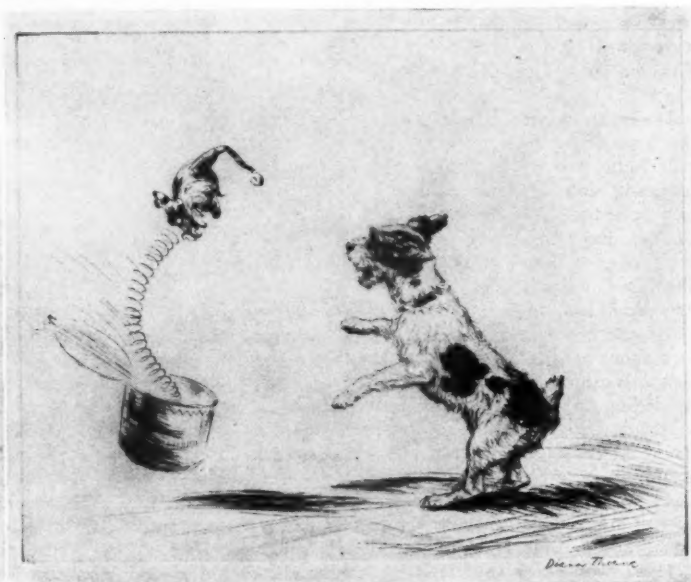
"ROLLIN' HOME"—THE MERRY ETCHING WHICH MADE DIANA THORNE'S REPUTATION IN NEW YORK

that she puts into her work the nameless something which warms human hearts toward dogs. Superimposed on flawless anatomic detail are the mischief, the utter aliveness, the quizzical or pathetic mood of a particular dog.

Meeting Miss Thorne is something of an adventure. At least it was for me. I had always admired her etchings but, for some unexplained reason, I had pictured her to myself as a big, raw-boned woman, somewhat masculine in appearance. So as I sat in the lobby of the University Club, waiting for Diana Thorne who had promised to give me an interview during luncheon, unconsciously I tried to fit the women who came and went into that mental picture. But the clock ruthlessly ticked off the minutes of my lunch hour—I was growing hungry—and my guest did not arrive.

Across the lobby a little brunette with a

RATHER A QUIZZICAL LOOK  
HAS THIS BOSTON "SUB-DEB"



MISCHIEVOUS, LIVELY AND READY FOR FUN—  
WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS ARE GRAND COMPANIONS  
FOR TOMBOY GIRLS. THIS IS JACK-IN-THE-BOX

cock-eyed hat, curly hair and dancing brown eyes was tapping an impatient foot in what indicated an equally hungry mood. She was looking around the lounge with an expression that was one large, jolly question mark. Then suddenly her straying glance focused on the gay colors in my dress. Having practically seized it out of a shop window because the colors cheered me on a grey March day, I could understand—though it left me a bit breathless—when this interesting stranger came over and said: "Your dress is lovely. You should be painted. Those

colors are ravishing—can't you just see them on a magazine cover?"

I blinked, and suddenly knew. Of course it was she! "You're not Diana Thorne?"

It was her turn for surprise. We laughed and went in to lunch, chattering of color and springtime and the love of outdoors. We talked of camping in Alberta and the Sierras, of Berlin, the Left Bank of Paris, cruising through the Caribbean, and walking down Fifth Avenue when dusk makes it a fascinating canyon. And she forgot that I was an interviewer, and I forgot the erroneous mental picture. Here was a little brunette dynamo, sparkling off ideas and mischief at hilarious speed. I never did believe in the question and

answer process, so I just let her whirl her merry way till she got to dogs, as she couldn't help doing eventually, they being her first love. And these are some of the things she told me.

**F**IRST and foremost Diana Thorne likes dogs better than people because they don't talk. "I made that statement once," she said, "when a Chicago reporter was present and he ran a headline, 'Diana Thorne likes dogs because they are dumb,' and I was furious. Because the last thing on earth dogs are is 'dumb.' They're a thousand times more understanding than humans. They can teach a human being an awful lot in the way of patience, loyalty, courage, genuine whole-hearted play, and sorrow that I believe is deeper than man's. Their moods and temperaments are just as diverse as those of human beings, and each breed of dog has its peculiar characteristics. People should bear this in mind when choosing dogs—which should never be done lightly, or with any thought of temporary arrangement. For a dog's affection is a deep and permanent thing. Change his master or mistress, once he has become devoted, and he never really gets over it. It breaks his heart.

"When you take a dog, take it for keeps, and remember these things—suit the dog to your own temperament, and rest assured it will reflect to the world the good and bad points in your make-up. Just as you can make a pretty safe guess what parents are like from meeting their children, you can tell a whole lot about a dog's mistress by first meeting the dog. If he's spoiled, the chances are his owner spends her time munching chocolates and reading cheap novels, and has no control over her temper. If he's thoughtful, she probably is; and if he's frisky, make certain she's mischievous.

"Most dogs dislike, as much as children, the advances of strangers. Let the dog come to you, is a very good motto. Dogs are intelligent, and like to make up their own minds about people. But, of course, even among dogs, there are the incomprehensibles that you just can't explain.



"THE ROGUE"—HE LOOKS IT TOO! TOSS A BALL—HE'LL BE AFTER IT LIKE A SHOT, AND HE'LL BRING IT BACK, WIGGLING ALL OVER WITH PLEASURE



FAT AND CUDDLY IS THE "INNOCENT," BUT HOW DIFFERENT WHEN HE'S AWAKE!

"I owned one of that kind, and I know. This dog, Mick, could get into more trouble, have more sicknesses, and cause more complaints from neighbors than any dog I ever had. Haven't you known people like that? Maybe that kind of a dog would be good for a neurasthenic. What a grand time they'd have comparing ailments! And like a neurasthenic, Mick thoroughly enjoyed an audience. Susceptible to fits, he never indulged in them at home, but always chose some conspicuous corner of Fifth Avenue. He got so much more attention there. A 'vet' who attended him pronounced him a 'unique case of persistent vitality not worth saving.' The most expensive of the veterinary treatments resulted from his interest in a pile of broken glass. The individual pieces extracted from his stomach passed belief. The amazing thing was his complete recovery from what would have killed any normal animal."

In selecting a dog, always choose one in keeping with your own personality. Dog ownership is a phase of life where contrast does not work. Fancy a tomboyish girl with a poodle. They'd both be desperately unhappy. No! If you're a tomboy, Miss Thorne recommends a wire-hair or an Airedale; if thoughtful and solitary, a hound; for dainty indoor girls she prescribes a Peke or spaniel; for the girl who loves to ramble through the woods, a setter. She says:

"Some Scotties are poker faces; and like dour men of Glasgow, when they grouse, they do so with thoroughness. But it's not such a bad fault. It's the way to handle some masters. A stubborn master often likes a stubborn dog. Someone has said: 'Two stubborn souls can live in unison if one of them is a Scotch terrier,' and I think he was right.

"I am working on an article now called 'Puppy Problems.' Well, they are just like the problems you have with children; and, as I've said before, (Continued on page 32)



# The Blue Hat

By

EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

Illustrations by

Harriet Lenore O'Brien

KATE MORTON peered around the edge of the dining room door. "I don't s'pose there's any chance of borrowing five dollars, is there?" she asked.

Her mother looked up from her sewing. "Is that a serious desire for information?" she wanted to know in turn, quirk-ing her eyebrows.

Kate grinned. "It's serious, all right; but I can see it's being received too humorously so I'll be on my way."

"Wait a minute, honey!" Mrs. Morton paused in the act of starting her sewing machine again. "What do you want five dollars for?"

"For a hat—a blue one. It would just go with my silk dress that Aunt Hattie sent me in the last box. It's down in Madam Annot's window, and the price tag is six dol-lars. I have a dollar toward it."

"That dollar you received for your story?"

Kate nodded. "It's really rather a nice hat—oh not my ideal by any means, but it would do to wear tonight to that Forum Club thing Blake White asked me to."

"My child, you might as well ask me for the moon. The seven dollars I'll receive from Mrs. Fuller when I finish this dress must go for food, and a little on that last month's coal bill. Couldn't you earn the money some way? What about Mrs. Anderson's baby?"

"Mrs. Anderson's baby hasn't called me up for quite a while," began Kate gravely.

Her mother laughed. "Oh, well, you know what I mean."

"The trouble is," went on Kate, "even if Mrs. Anderson *did* ask me to come over and mind her baby, she wouldn't pay five dollars—besides, it's tonight I want to wear that hat, my beloved parent."

"Oh, dear, I wish—" Mrs. Morton broke off to stare out of the open window beside her sewing machine. "It wasn't like this when your father was alive," she said, in a low voice.

Kate flew across the room and bending over, kissed the back of her mother's neck. "You're not to worry!" she said sternly. "This hat busi-

ness is merely an idle dream, and I'll wear Cousin Nathalie's horrid old winter one, which I've hated and despised ever since I first saw its red rim peeping at me out of Aunt Hattie's box—"

"Hattie's awfully good about sending us the girls' out-grown clothes," interrupted Mrs. Morton, bending over her work once more, as though to make up for lost time.

"I know it," groaned Kate remorsefully, "only—since I must wear the apparel she selects—why did Nathalie have to be dark as a gypsy and look well in all the colors which make me look hideous?"

"Never mind, child! Some day you'll be a famous writer and have as many hats as your heart desires," smiled Mrs. Morton.

Kate paused on her way to the door.

"The main reason I want to be rich and famous is to get you away from that sewing machine, Mother," she said, with unusual seriousness. Then, as Mrs. Morton glanced up in touched surprise, the girl hurried on, "Well, I'm off to help at the rummage sale. Helen Fuller forgot she had a dentist appointment, so she asked me to run down and help her mother this after-noon. 'Bye!'"

"Good-bye, dear." Her mother called it after her, as Kate ran through the narrow little hall, and on out of the door.

All the same, as she gently closed the porch screen after her, Kate longed to slam it. Oh, she was sick, sick of humdrum poverty, she told herself! How would it feel to wear a brand new dress for once, to walk into a millinery shop and, selecting

the most expensive hat displayed, order it sent home? Of course she knew she was lucky, in a way, with such a wonderful mother, and Miggs being a decent kid, and Granny, and Silly-Sally, that adorable kitten, and all. And—well, though home was only one in a row, and not like the spacious house which belonged to Helen Fuller's father, it was cozy and comfortable, and there always had been enough to eat, even though she did have to wear other people's clothes.

Here a little warm breeze—with faint fragrance of apple-blossom borne upon it from the old crab-apple tree in the Andersons' back-yard—came to kiss the girl's cheek; but Kate's frown did not clear. For, now that it was late spring, she did want a new hat!

She knew exactly the kind. A heavenly blue, and jaunty-brimmed, with deeper blue for trimming. The one in Madam Annot's window had been on that order—not quite so lovely as the one she had imagined, but it would have done. All except the price. Although, for that matter, it might have been priced thirty-six as well as six, be-cause both were impossible.

Mercy, was that half-past three o'clock!





*If you long for a new hat, sometimes a rummage sale is the right answer—and sometimes it is NOT!*

Kate quickened her step. She was breathless when she entered the store where the rummage sale was taking place. A "For Rent" sign hung somewhat desolately in one window, but several dresses were spread out beneath it, and an easel sign with "Rummage Sale" printed in big letters was placed in the opposite window. It was dark inside, after the glaring sunshine of the street. Kate stood blinking in the doorway for a moment before she could see anything at all. Then one of the two ladies sitting behind a table on which were piles of clothing looked up with pleasant greeting.

"Oh—Kate? This is nice of you, my dear, to take Helen's place. Mrs. Smith, you know Catharine Morton, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," said the other, smiling. "How's your mother?"

Kate smiled back at both ladies. They were members of the welfare group which was sponsoring the sale.

"Is it still warm on the street?" asked Mrs. Fuller languidly. "It's awfully unseasonable weather."

Kate nodded as she sat down and fanned herself with her handkerchief. "It is warm," she acknowledged. "How's the sale going?"

"Business was brisk this morning," answered Mrs. Smith. "Too warm now, I suppose, for people to stir out. Yes, little boy, what is it?"

Kate turned with the others to stare at a youngster who,

carrying a large box, had entered the store. "My aunt asked me to bring this in to you. She's got a flat tire, and had to go hunt a garage man. It's more clothes," explained the boy.

He deposited the package upon a table and departed cheerfully. Mrs. Fuller sighed as she rose to untie the bundle.

"More clothes—and they'll have to be priced and tagged," she announced wearily. Then her tone gathered interest. "Oh, these are the things from New York that Agnes Hopkins promised us."

"From her sister? The one who is a writer?" Mrs. Smith leaned forward as the box cover was removed.

FROM the box came a faint fragrance. Almost like the apple-blossoms she had noticed on the way down here, Kate thought. She jumped up from the chair on which she had perched herself, and came over to the table.

"Don't you want me to tag these clothes while you go across the street and get some ice cream?" she asked. "I'm not a bit tired, and it will be fun to sort out the things."

"Why—" began Mrs. Fuller in a dubious voice.

"Let's do that," said Mrs. Smith. She rose, yawning. "It seems hours since luncheon, and I doubt if anyone comes in to buy until it gets cooler."

"Well, all right," agreed Mrs. Fuller, picking up her purse. "If you're not sure about the price, put the dress aside.

Otherwise, dresses are from one to three dollars, Catharine, and hats are from thirty-five cents to a dollar."

Left alone, Kate hummed to herself as she drew out the garments, folded and placed

"WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY!"  
MRS. MORTON CALLED.  
"WHAT DO YOU WANT  
THAT FIVE DOLLARS FOR?"



with exquisite care in the big box. If Mrs. Hopkins's sister was an author, she must be very successful, thought the girl, for the clothing was not only beautiful but expensive. Then, suddenly, she uttered an exclamation. She had reached the bottom of the box—and there were the hats, all carefully packed and fitted in so as not to be crushed. And when she had lifted them out and unfolded the last bit of tissue paper, there was the Hat—her heavenly blue hat!

She snatched off her old beret, and swinging around to a small mirror behind the table, placed the hat on her head, and pulled it down into place. It *was* her hat, just as she had dreamed it!

Fumbling, then, in her purse, she exultantly took out the lone dollar bill hidden there, and placed it in the cash drawer of the table where Mrs. Fuller had left some change. Yes, the hat was worth the highest price Mrs. Fuller had quoted. But oh—and here Kate shuddered—what if she had said a dollar and a half! It would have been tragic.

Soon afterwards several women, shabbily garbed, came in and looked over the dresses. Kate had re-wrapped her hat and had placed it in a safe corner at the back of the store; every little while she took refreshing peeps at it, waiting for her.

When Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Smith came back, she proudly opened the cash drawer and pointed at eight dollars lying there. "I bought one of the hats, myself," she said shyly.

**G**OOD!" Mrs. Fuller smiled and nodded, but her tone was absent. "That dress is worth at least five dollars," she added, to a customer who was grumbling. "I'll let you have it for one."

It was not until Kate had picked up her new hat and was on her way out that Mrs. Fuller, thanking her again for her help, added kindly, "You priced all these things from Mrs. Hopkins's sister exactly right, my dear. They sold at once."

When she reached home, Kate burst into the kitchen where her mother was stirring up biscuits for supper. "I got my hat!" she announced, with shining eyes. "Just think, Mother, I was sort of grouchy when Helen Fuller asked me to go down and help at that rummage sale; but how glad I am I did go, because I found a heavenly blue hat there!"

"One of the rummage hats?" inquired twelve-year-old Miggs, looking up from her arithmetic book which she had spread open on the kitchen table. She got up and came over to her sister, to eye Kate's bundle with a fastidious frown. "Why, I thought only poor people bought anything at those rummage sales!"

Kate laughed. "Well?"

The younger girl colored. "You know what I mean," she retorted. "I was thinking of very poor people, who hardly have enough to eat."

"Well?" Kate, busily unwrapping tissue paper, still spoke in a teasing voice.

"We have enough to eat—Mother's making biscuit for the creamed chicken this very minute!" And Miggs, bursting into good-natured laughter, pointed triumphantly.

Mrs. Morton popped her pan of biscuits into the oven, and turned to her elder daughter. "Let's see your bargain, dear," she said. Then, when Kate donned the smart little hat, she nodded. "Why, that's really lovely! It must have cost a great deal when it was new."

"It's still like new. It says 'imported' inside its crown. But



"I GOT MY HAT," SHE ANNOUNCED GLEEFULLY

I'd love it, no matter what it cost," breathed Kate. Beneath the saucy blue brim her eyes deepened and sparkled while the rose color came and went in her smooth young cheeks. "It's—it's the sort of hat I've always wanted!"

Mrs. Morton's heart gave a sudden throb. Why, Kate was growing up! In that hat she looked almost eighteen instead of sixteen. It seemed as though she were taller, too, and more self-assured. It certainly was most becoming!

They had a sort of jubilee in the kitchen. Miggs skipped about, clapping her hands because of Kate's good luck. "It's going to be the family fortune! Something wonderful is bound to happen!" she cried. "And it just matches that blue silk dress Aunt Hattie sent you, Kate!"

Silly-Sally, the cat, strolled over to rub affectionately against her young mistress's ankles. "Even kitty likes it!" chuckled the girl.

Grandmother, hearing the fun, came in; she also exclaimed and admired. So that evening, rustling down an aisle ahead of Blake White to a front row seat in the crowded high school auditorium, Kate was almost overwhelmingly, though pleasingly, conscious of her new head-gear.

She had caught Blake's fleeting, sidelong glance of approval; therefore, when she gazed around her and discovered that many of the women were keeping their hats on, she settled herself in her seat with a feeling of enormous satisfaction, and kept hers on, too.

"I've always wanted to come to a Forum Club 'guest-night,'" she murmured. "It's awfully nice of your mother to invite me here tonight."

"Don't I get any credit?" asked Blake, smiling.

"Of course! Only—I meant it was specially nice because I want to be a writer some day—and some famous writer or other is going to speak tonight, I heard."

Blake nodded, then his face became serious. "It's fine to have a real goal like that, Kate. A lot of us don't know what we want to do after we get out of high school or college, if we get that far. What are you going to write about?"

Kate rearranged the gloves and purse in her lap. "I—haven't decided yet," she responded vaguely. "Of course, it's very uninteresting in this town, and in our neighborhood. All those horrid little houses in rows. There's no—no atmosphere." She stole a glance to see how Blake took this new word, and found his face full of respectful interest. "I think one has to travel, see things, do exciting things, before one can really write," she went on. "Here in Elmsford no one ever does anything. Nothing ever happens."

**B**UT you've sold a story. And better still, you've been paid for it."

Kate cleared her throat. She couldn't help the little note of self-importance which crept into her voice. "Oh, that was only a short thing I sold to one of the newspapers." She laughed carelessly. "I want to really write—books and stories, you know. I wish I could travel!" Forgetting her self-importance, forgetting even her new hat for the moment, she looked up soberly. "I don't see how I can ever hope to write anything decent—anything that will start me to making money so I can help my mother—unless I do travel and—meet folks who are doing things," she finished wistfully.

"That helps, I guess," replied Blake, in his cheerful man-

ner. "But what helps more is to have something to write about."

"Well, there's nothing in this town to write about." She turned in her seat and gazed over the big, crowded place. "Where is your mother sitting? I don't see her."

"Mother's just coming in, now," answered the boy. "There! Up on the platform."

KATE turned back with a start. They were placed directly beneath the platform so that Mrs. White, glancing down, nodded and smiled at them. Then she leaned over and touched the arm of the beautifully gowned woman who had taken the speaker's chair beside her, and both women looked at the young people and smiled.

"Why, Blake, you didn't tell me your mother was to be chairman tonight," said Kate. She gave a fugitive touch to her hat. How glad she was that she had it on!

But Blake's next words sent a shock through her. "Sure," he was saying, "I thought you knew it. That's Mrs. Hopkins's sister next to her. The writer, you know. Her name is Ellen Everett Shaw. She's the one who is going to speak tonight."

For an instant, everything whirled around the girl. The lights of the auditorium all at once became glaring, unbearable, the voices of the audience shrilled in her ears. She turned to stare dazedly at Blake.

"Who? Who's the speaker, did you say?" She moistened dry lips to frame her question.

Blake noticed nothing amiss in her voice. He was smiling at his mother, and he gave an imperceptible little nod in answer to some unspoken question in Mrs. White's gaze.

"Her name is Ellen Everett Shaw," he replied. "Say, Mother's just wig-wagged us to stick around after the lecture, and meet Mrs. Shaw."

Involuntarily, Kate touched the edge of her hat-brim in panic. "Oh, no, I—I mustn't!" she gasped. "I—I—really, I can't!"

Blake laughed. "Mrs. Shaw won't eat you up," he said, evidently thinking his companion had developed a sudden fit of shyness. "You ought to meet her. You said you wanted to meet folks who are doing things," he reminded.

Kate subsided into miserable silence. She couldn't muster even the semblance of a smile. But Blake failed to notice, for at that moment Mrs. White rose from her chair and advanced to the edge of the platform.

Kate sat motionless. Oh, to be able to duck out of sight! She felt physically unable to raise her eyes, so that Mrs. White had finished, a soft patter of applause had greeted her introduction of the speaker, and another, richer voice had followed, before the girl could look up. When she did so, flaming color surged into her face, for Ellen Everett Shaw seemed to be staring down directly at the blue hat. Her own blue hat—

on someone else's head! It was an unbearable situation.

Did she recognize it, Kate wondered, with sinking heart? But how could she help it? A hat that color was not to be seen everywhere. Well, Mrs. Shaw had given the hat away, so she ought not to be surprised to see it confronting her again, only—only—it was so embarrassing. She raised bewildered eyes to the speaker, noting with relief that Mrs. Shaw was not showing the slightest surprise. Although her gaze was apparently upon the blue hat—or upon the young face beneath it, for a speaker often selects some one person in his audience to talk to—she was speaking quietly, simply, and the crowd was hanging upon every word. Kate began to listen, too.

Mrs. Shaw's subject was the background of her novels which, as it happened, was also her own background, the great city in which she had been born and brought up. Specifically, it was about the changes which the last twenty-five years had wrought in that city. "Gateway to America," she called it, and she dwelt upon the attitudes of the people who had passed through that gateway, (*Continued on page 34*)



KATE REMAINED GLUED TO HER SEAT. "TRULY BLAKE, I'D RATHER NOT," SHE PLEADED



# The Cave of the Moon

MARJORIE  
MAXWELL

tells

*a story of a city girl who proved her resourcefulness in dealing with  
a major emergency in the open*

THEY had left the horses tethered to a low branch on the Half-Mile Plateau below them, and had come the last steep scramble to the summit on foot, hot, flushed and laughing, as three of them at least were accustomed to mountain-climbing.

They sat in a half circle now, in the shade of the tall, old pine that grew all by itself at the very tip end of the trail; big, lanky Bill Bradford, and little golden-brown Honey, and stocky, black-haired David Drew who always burned mahogany-red like a young Indian brave, in summer—and didn't look unlike one in other ways, with his aquiline features and piercing black eyes that seemed to have a trick of looking out over far horizons. Sailors have that look, and plainsmen, but so do those who have been born and raised on mountain tops, and are used to staring out over a world stretched flat below them.

The fourth member of the little group, however, had an unmistakable air of being city-bred, that was not entirely due to her faultlessly cut white linen riding clothes.

These had something to do with it, of course, but there was added confirmation in the creamy whiteness of her skin, and her slender, well-groomed hands. Kay Carter, at sixteen, gave a good deal more attention to the cut of her clothes and the protection of a naturally nice skin than her sensible, outdoors-loving father had felt was altogether necessary in a girl of her age. Which was one of the reasons why he had overruled her eager plea for a summer vacation abroad in favor of this visit to her North Carolina cousins.

To do Kay justice, once the decision had been reached she had been perfectly amiable about it on the surface, though a little inner disappointment still persisted, even at the end of her first, lively week at Lodge Lomand, as the Bradfords called the rambling, log-finished mountain shack that was their summer home.

Life at the Lodge was decidedly roughing it, but the very novelty of this appealed to Kay, and she found it highly amusing to take her morning tub in an icy little mountain lake that lay at their front steps, and to eat picnic meals out-of-doors in all weathers.

Bill and Honey knew the whole of Lomand Mountain as well as most people know their own back yards; and David Drew, a neighbor from their winter home in Asheville who usually spent most of his summers at the Lodge, had long since acquired an equal familiarity with its rugged trails. But today was the first time they had taken Kay on as long and hard a climb as the rough, steep trail to the Cave of the Moon.

From her first hearing of its quaint name, Kay had developed a tremendous curiosity about the place. So finally a picnic had been planned to include sunset and full moon, as

well as supper cooked on the table-rock above the cave.

Her nostrils still stinging with the dust of that last slippery pull up the shadeless trail, Kay snatched off her smart little felt sports hat, tossing it carelessly on the grass beside her, and wiped her moist forehead with a hand that was already several shades browner than it had been on her arrival in North Carolina.

"I've never been quite so hot in my life," she groaned.

"Me, too," Bill agreed with ungrammatical cheerfulness. "I told Honey the trip would be too hard for you, unless you picked a cool day. You have to be in practice for this kind of thing. You've only done Central Park riding, haven't you, up to now?"

Kay felt her already hot cheeks flush more deeply. Bill's tone was casual, but she was quick to suspect a hidden sarcasm in the question. After all, she never had done any mountain riding before, and this trail they had just come up—in spite of herself, she shivered a little at the memory of several spots along the route.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said hastily. She lay back on the soft, pine-needle carpet, and shut her eyes which were weary of too much dazzle.

Rather to her own mortification, she must have dozed off, for when next she opened her eyes, she was alone under the big pine, and from a distance the hum of voices reached her, and the cheerful crackling of a fire.

She sat up, rubbing her eyes remorsefully, and just then Honey's voice called to her. "You've slept nearly half an hour. Come and see the sunset—it's going to be a wow!"

The boys had a small but competent looking camp fire going on the flat rock behind her, and perched up on the higher end of the big rock itself was Honey's slim, khaki-clad figure. She was beckoning energetically.

KAY skirted the fire, and, with a helping hand from Honey, climbed up to the vantage point her cousin had selected. But once on the rock top, she shrank back with a startled cry from the edge.

Always she had had to fight a nervous fear of heights, and now she found herself without warning standing on what appeared to be the edge of the world.


The table-rock jutted out over space, somewhat like a gigantic ship's prow, and below her, to south, west, and north, as far as her eyes could see, rolled range after range of mountains, green and pine-clad near at hand, but becoming softly and vaguely blue as they stretched off to the horizon.

Above and beyond the last visible range, fantastic peaks and valleys of cloud, dark at their base and fiery gold at their summits, rode up the sky.

Honey, watching Kay's face, smiled to herself, well







TESTING THE TREACHER-  
OUS SURFACE, SHE LAY  
DOWN AND INCHED HER  
WAY TO A POINT WHERE  
SHE COULD PEER OVER

pleased at her astonishment.

"Looks like a storm coming up," she said. "I'm afraid you won't see any moon tonight after all, Kay. I'm sorry."

"Oh, a thunderstorm," Kay murmured, trying not to flinch. "Are—are they usually bad up here?"

"Noisy," Bill, who had joined them, conceded with a grin that brought Kay's flush back. "But we'll be all right in the cave."

"I—see," she said doubtfully, casting another anxious look at the big thunder-heads.

The two Bradfords were experts, from long practice, in the art of camp cookery, and without any seeming effort, they presently had the big, red-checked picnic cloth spread out on the pine needles under the tree, and the small, compact basket unpacked.

THE smell of bacon, sizzling aromatically, filled the air, and Bill was already digging perfectly baked potatoes out of the hot ashes where he had placed them, presumably, while Kay was indulging in that stolen nap. A big thermos bottle of cold milk flanked the platter of still-bubbling bacon on one hand, and a loaf of homemade, flaky-crust bread on the other, all ready to slice for sandwiches or toast as the picnickers chose. Fruit, cookies, and cheese comprised the rest of the menu.

Kay suddenly discovered that, storm or no storm, she was ravenously hungry. She flung herself down beside Honey who was breaking open the smoking potatoes and inserting a generous lump of butter, and a dash of salt and paprika in each.

Then the boys came up and found places near by, and for the next few moments they were all too busy eating to talk, except for brief requests to pass something.

But in the end, the storm, which had been coming nearer with gradually increasing din overhead, beat them in the race to the end of supper. Several big raindrops splashed hard in Honey's face as she lifted it to study the now completely overcast sky; and a flash of lightning with an accompanying roar of artillery, an instant later, warned them they must be seeking shelter quickly.

"This is only the overture," Bill grinned at his cousin wickedly. "We've probably ten or fifteen minutes before the real deluge hits us. Dave, you and I had better beat it down the trail to the horses. There used to be an old farm on that plateau," he told Kay. "The ruins of the barn are still standing and they're fairly weather-proof. We've stabled the horses in there before, in sudden storms. You girls go into the cave, and we'll be back if we can before the storm

actually breaks. You're not afraid, are you, Kay, with Honey?"

Kay fancied she caught a note of good-natured contempt in the question. She set herself sturdily to hide her inner quaking at the prospect of being left alone, with only another girl, younger than herself, on this bare mountain peak in the kind of storm that was rapidly drawing nearer.

"Of course we're not afraid," Honey answered for her, beginning to stack the soiled dishes deftly. "Run along."

It was much darker under the big pine now, except when those terrifyingly vivid lightning flashes lit up the scene like Klieg lights on a movie set.

Dave and Bill had started down the trail at reckless speed considering the going, and were already out of sight.

Kay stacked the last dish on Honey's pile, and picked up the packed basket, leaving her cousin to follow with the tablecloth and cooking utensils. They finally had to make a dash for the cave, as the rain came suddenly after all.

To Kay, unaccustomed to the violence of mountain

*Illustrations by  
Ruth King*

storms, it seemed that the very sluice gates of the heavens had opened to let down solid sheets of water. She was dripping wet, gasping and blinded, before she had covered the last few yards to shelter. But once inside the big, dim cave, with its sandy floor and high roof, the noisy uproar outside sounded comfortingly far away.

"I hope the boys got to shelter in time, too," she said breathlessly.

Honey nodded. "It's not so far, really," she explained. "They've had plenty of time to get the horses and themselves into the old barn. *Ouch!*" she exclaimed involuntarily as a tremendous bang reverberated without, and a violet sheet of flame seemed actually to sweep through the cave itself.

They sat in silence for several moments, listening to the really terrific drumming of the rain outside, punctuated at increasingly shorter intervals by thunderclap and lightning flash.

"How did this place get its name, I wonder?" Kay asked, after a time, preferring conversation to silence under those conditions.

Honey became brisk at once. She loved to tell stories, and all the old legends of this particular mountain country were at the tip of her glib little tongue.

"Oh, yes, I do know that," she said. "Of course, it may not be true—it all happened more than a hundred years ago, they say. There was one of those grim old mountain feuds between two families who used to live hereabouts. And—as it always happens in such stories—one family had a beautiful daughter, and the other a handsome son."

AND of course they fell in love with each other," Kay put in, eagerly. "In spite of the feud, and their hard-hearted relatives."

"Exactly," Honey nodded. "The story doesn't say how, or where they met first. However, meet they did, and, as you say, they fell in love. But of course they couldn't tell their families. So they used to meet up here in the cave, people say. When the moon comes up—if it ever does, tonight—you'll see for yourself what a grand view you get of it right from this cave entrance. So naturally the place appealed to a pair of lovers as a romantic spot. Besides, I don't suppose their relatives were much given to moon-gazing, so they weren't apt to come this way."

She stopped, perforce, to let a louder-than-usual thunderclap die away, and then resumed her tale.

"Well, as also usually happens, someone found out, and told the girl's father and brothers. They followed her one evening at full moon, and made an ambush for the boy when he should come along the trail down there, to meet her."

"Oh-hh-h," Kay shuddered sympathetically. Told on the spot where it had all occurred, the story took on grim reality.

"From the mouth of the cave, if you look down the

mountain, there's one place where you can see just a few yards of the trail," Honey continued. "And apparently the girl was looking that way, watching for her lover, when she heard a shot, and saw him dash out into the open, and fall. The story says she ran headlong down the trail, and just at that last bad bend, where on the left it goes off into space, she either lost her footing, or threw herself over in her despair. And that was the end of the romance. Most mountains have a Lovers' Leap," she added thoughtfully. "I don't know, really, how much is fact, and how much legend. But this place has been called the Cave of the Moon ever since."

Kay uttered an exclamation, and both girls jumped to their feet, listening intently to a strange, new sound that dominated even the din of the storm.

It was like an ominous rumbling underfoot, that shook the cave itself as it grew in volume, then went noisily off down the hillside.

Honey frowned in anxious concentration.

"Landslide somewhere," she said tersely. "I hope to goodness it wasn't the trail."

After that it wasn't quite so pleasant to wait in the gradually darkening cave, and listen to the roar of the rain, and the sharp blasts of the thunder. But the storm eventually blew itself off down the mountain, as storms do, and at last even the lessening patter of the rain ceased entirely, and the clouds, scattering under the strong wind, parted and a great, golden radiance flooded the cave mouth.

"The moon," Honey breathed thankfully. "It's full tonight, so it'll be almost as light as day. Come on, let's investigate the damage."

Kay followed her eagerly. "Funny the boys haven't got back before this," Honey commented. She turned toward the trail, that—in the light of the big, orange-red globesailingmajesticallyhigh overhead—was now almost

as bright as when they had come up it that afternoon. Together the girls started down, picking their way cautiously, and at the first bend, as abruptly as if a string had jerked them both to a standstill, they stopped simultaneously. No need now to speculate why Bill and Dave had not returned.

THE trail ended at a point not more than five yards below them, and, after a hiatus of ten feet or so, continued on down the mountain side. But between the place where it ended thus suddenly, and where it took up its usual way once more, there was—*nothing*. Or rather, there was very much something in the form of a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into eternity. The landslide they had heard back in the cave had left them marooned on the mountain-top.

Kay sat down on a stone and stared, but Honey, with an air of determination, moved toward the edge of the slide.

"There might be a foothold along the side," she said over her shoulder, to Kay. "I've got to—"

"Take care!" Kay cried frantically—too late!

## Portrait of Spring

By FRANCES FROST

Now shall the wood  
Inhabited be with paw-prints, and with stir  
Of whiskers on rabbit-faces; weeds that were  
Barren, shall bloom and lean to the deer's  
swift stride,  
And the dark coils of fir  
Cover the nested hare.

Now shall the air  
Be riven with music, and the feathered side  
Throb with the secret heart, that has not cried  
One-half its wild delight in other wide  
Springs that stood  
Arched into cobalt. Here where the green  
earth bends  
Into hill-flank and pine,  
The russet, fine,  
Down-drift of needles on the fox's fur  
Makes no slight sound.  
And while the red sun descends  
Pulling the darkness over with a star,  
A doe runs softly beyond the pasture ground.

Now to all creatures is the brief year friend;  
Now shall the earth be sweet where all loves are.

The earth and stones on the edge of the chasm, loosened by the rain and the wrenching away of the ground, loosened yet a little more. There was a fitful scattering of small pebbles, and Honey, in trying to step back, slipped on the muddy surface. She went over the edge so suddenly that Kay had only one glimpse of her startled face in the bright moonlight. Then the place where she had stood, a gallant little khaki figure, was empty, and the echoes of stones bounding down the mountain reached her cousin's horrified and incredulous ears.

Kay stood motionless, as we stand in nightmares, her hands pressed over her eyes, her heart pounding, and her feet and voice alike refusing to obey her will. Then, from only a short distance away, Honey's clear tones reached her.

**K**EEP back, Kay! I'm all right—I seem—to have fallen right into a nice soft pine tree. Let's both—shout, and try to make the boys hear us!"

The nightmare-ish paralysis that gripped Kay relaxed, and she found her voice.

"Hold on tight, Honey!" she called back loudly.

Mindful of the treacherous surface that had sent poor Honey over the abyss, she lay down flat on the muddy ground and inched her way, testing every move, to the point where she could peer cautiously over.

Just below the trail, the top-most branches of a dwarf pine reached up almost within touch of her hand. The little tree grew at an angle out of the cliffside, small, yet apparently strongly rooted and sturdy; and wedged securely between its trunk and one firm-looking branch that grew out over the precipice, was Honey, both arms wound around the main trunk in a manner that betrayed her own realization of its being a matter of life and death that she keep her grip on the tree.

"If my arm were two feet longer I could reach you," Kay gasped.

"Don't try," Honey's voice warned her sharply. "You'd only slip over, too. No—try to make the boys hear! I don't dare move. I think I busted my ankle, or something, when I went over, and the pain is making me feel sort of queer and faint."

In the face of this new peril, Kay's frightened brain steadied. It was almost as if some outside, calming power, were being poured into her. If there were a rope now—or a strap, or something!

And then, all at once, she knew what to do. Honey and she were both wearing belts with their riding breeches. Strong, well-tanned belts that would hold a much bigger strain than Honey's slim little body.

Before she called to the boys, or wasted another precious moment, she must get her own belt into Honey's hands. It would be quite easy to let it down over the edge.

Her fingers, cold but efficient with that strange new self-

control, unfastened the buckle, and pulled the belt free.

"Listen, Honey," she said slowly and very clearly. "Keep tight hold of that tree with one hand and—Here, look *up* at me, not down!" she interjected in imperative command. That dreadful drop below Honey's slender perch was making her own head go round. She had to shut her eyes for a moment as she talked, to let the giddiness subside.

When she opened them, she found Honey's white face lifted obediently to her own.

"Yes?" Honey was asking steadily. "Don't you think you had better begin calling now, Kay?"

BOTH GIRLS JUMPED TO THEIR FEET, LISTENING INTENTLY TO A STRANGE NEW SOUND THAT DOMINATED EVEN THE STORM

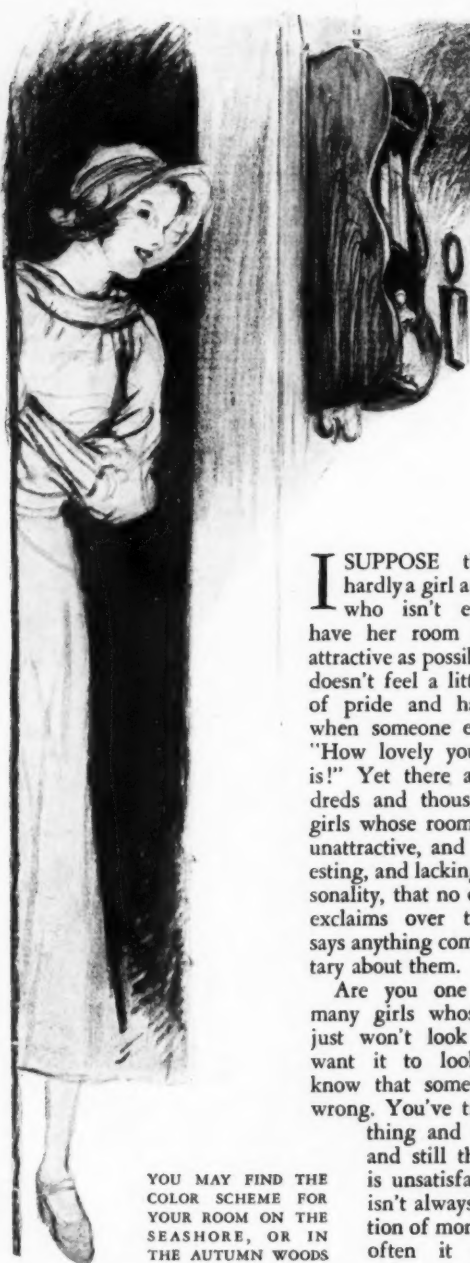


"In a moment," Kay said soothingly, as she might have spoken to a child. "Hold on tight with your left hand, as I told you, Honey. Now—*Keep on looking up at me*, dear! Now, hold up your right hand as far as you can reach toward me, and try to catch the end of my belt. So—careful—that's the girl!" she cried in soft-voiced triumph, as Honey's fingers closed strongly over the buckle end of the dangling belt.

"Now, then—slip one end through your own belt, and around that branch you're holding on to. Good child! Now fasten the buckle. That's your safety belt, like you'd wear in a plane. Even if you—slipped, or—went to sleep now, you won't fall. Don't grip so hard; you'll tire yourself," she went on in that new, gentle, sure-of-itself voice. "I'm going to call the boys now, and—remember, you're quite safe, Honey, till help comes."

But before she could raise her voice to shout, a vigorous hail made her turn her head quickly. (Continued on page 48)





YOU MAY FIND THE COLOR SCHEME FOR YOUR ROOM ON THE SEASHORE, OR IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

# Your Room

*Another article in our etiquette series: "It's More Fun When You Know the Rules"*

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a girl anywhere who isn't eager to have her room look as attractive as possible, who doesn't feel a little glow of pride and happiness when someone exclaims, "How lovely your room is!" Yet there are hundreds and thousands of girls whose rooms are so unattractive, and uninteresting, and lacking in personality, that no one ever exclaims over them or says anything complimentary about them.

Are you one of the many girls whose room just won't look as you want it to look? You know that something is wrong. You've tried one thing and another, and still the result is unsatisfactory. It isn't always a question of money. Very often it requires only a few dollars to transform a room.

Sometimes it doesn't require any money at all. What is it then? Perhaps you have already guessed my answer. It's the same thing I've been saying again and again in these articles—it's a matter of "knowing the rules." A room is pleasant or unpleasant, just as a person is, depending upon how well certain rules of good taste and good manners are observed.

Rooms are really a lot like people. One room is stand-offish and stiff; it doesn't invite you to sit down, and you find yourself in a hurry to be off, just as you do when you meet a stiff, stand-offish person. Another room is over-sweet and wishy-washy, all softness without variety or contrast—and you find yourself bored, just as you are with a person who is too agreeable to have opinions. Still another room immediately makes you feel comfortable and at home. It may not be as pretty as some other room you've seen, but it is sincere and unpretentious. Like a person who is sincere, such a room

wears well and its charm grows on you, and you like it better, the more you see of it.

To make this idea about rooms and their manners more concrete, let's pretend to look in at two typical rooms. The first is a room that some of you may recognize. Stockings and shoes lie in a little tumbled heap on the floor; slightly soiled underclothes, a dress, a sweater, some scarfs, a belt, and some school books, are lying about helter-skelter, on chairs, bed and table. The bed shows every sign of having been made in a great hurry, for the spread is crooked, and a long corner of sheet is hanging down on one side. The walls are crowded with pictures, framed and unframed, hung at all angles. The lamp-shades and most of the pictures are slightly awry.

Looking in with critical eyes, we ask, "What kind of manners does *this* room seem to have? Is it hospitable? Does it invite us to come in?" No—of course not. It looks sullen and unhappy, as though ashamed that we should see its untidy and neglected condition.

And so we pass on to the second room. It is a plain little room. The curtains are of cream-colored gauze, such as can be bought at almost any curtain counter for a few cents a yard. There are no draperies, and except for two small, home-woven rugs, the floor is bare. The walls and woodwork are ivory, the same ivory we see in hundreds of other rooms. There is an old-fashioned dresser, painted brown. A neatly-made cover of dark brown corduroy piped in cherry red covers a small bed. The chairs are brown, with red cushions. A pleasant color scheme, brown, red and ivory. But an ordinary one. Ordinary furniture, too. Yet as we look in at this room, it seems to smile at us and say, "Come in, and try this chair by the window. Curl up on the couch with a pillow at your back. Here everything is restful, harmonious, and quiet."

Now what is the reason this second room is so inviting, and the other so inhospitable and repellent? Neatness? Well, that is important. Still, in spite of looking sweet and clean, this second room isn't entirely in order. There *are* things lying about—not many, but a few. There is even a little dust if you look closely. I don't belittle neatness. A room that is really messy, as that first one was, cannot be attractive no matter how beautifully it might be furnished. But neatness itself isn't enough. A room that is "neat as a pin" can still be forbidding, and stern, and in the worst possible taste.

NO, the second room is pleasing and friendly because its manners are right. It is a room in which the fundamental rules of good taste have been followed.

The first of these rules is suitability. That means that everything—the colors, the hangings, the furniture—in any room must be suitable to the room itself, and to the person



# and Its Manners

By

BEATRICE PIERCE

*Illustrated by  
Marguerite de Angeli*

who occupies the room. Fine enough for the room, but not too fine. Simple enough, but not too simple.

When you set out to make changes in your room (and with spring and vacations coming on, you'll be thinking of fixing things up a bit) remember suitability. Suppose you need new curtains. You greatly admire the frilly, ruffled tie-backs of sheer net which your chum has in her bedroom. Before you get some just like hers, however, ask yourself whether they are the kind of curtains that go with your room. Is yours a dainty, feminine room like hers, with delicate furniture and pastel coloring? Or are your walls dark, your furniture heavy, your bedspread plain and tailored? You wouldn't wear a frilly lace blouse with a tweed suit, would you? Fluffy-ruffle curtains can be just as out of place. Perhaps for your sort of room, and for your personality, you shouldn't have ruffles at all, but instead something sturdy and handsome, like those heavy "fish net" designs, or those very good-looking "string" materials. Consider what suits your individual taste and *your* room, and not what looks pretty in some other girl's room.

**T**HE second rule for good taste in a room is right arrangement. Arrangement is a matter of line and balance. It's easy to guess the definition of balance. Balance merely means arranging your furniture so that the bulk is distributed about equally. That is, you don't have all the heavy pieces on one side of the room, and the light ones on the other. You place the bed on one wall, for instance; and, to balance it, you place a chest, a mirror, and a chair on the wall opposite. You set a bowl of flowers near one end of a bookshelf, and a framed photograph of about the same size as your bowl of flowers in the same relative position at the other end of the shelf. Or you arrange things in pairs, placing a pair of tables at either side of your bed, or a pair of lamps on your dressing table. Exact balance, however, such as you get when you use pairs, soon becomes monotonous. Learn to size up a room and its furnishings with balance in mind. You'll find that it isn't long before you begin to sense that a group made up of this chair, that desk, and a picture of a certain size, will be just enough to balance your divan; and that a lamp, some books, and a tiny figurine, combine to make a very agreeable composition on your table. You'll only learn by trying. Keep at it until your

ROOMS ARE  
A LOT LIKE  
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YOUR PER-  
SONALITY?



room has the restful appearance that good balance will give it. As for line, by that we mean the edges of things. You hear people say of a dress: "It has very good lines." What do they mean? Just that the edges, or outlines, of the dress give a well-proportioned and becoming effect.

In arranging furniture in a room, look at the edges of the various pieces. Try to get some kind of order or plan to your arrangement so that you won't have lines going in too many directions. Large pieces of furniture set cater-corner are among the worst offenders against (Continued on page 38)

# Ellen

By  
CHARLES  
G.  
MULLER



TANK REACHED FOR THE GROCERIES ON THE TABLE AND SHOVED A POTATO INTO THE GIRL'S HAND

HOLDING open the front door of the Gilliam General Store so that Hedda Vaughn could squeeze out with her huge groceries-filled cardboard box, Ellen Wakefield called to the driver of the waiting station wagon.

"How about a package of gum, Eb?" she asked. "What kind'll you have?"

"I'll have what I allus take," Eb Bassler answered shortly. "Old True Blue chewin' terbaccy!"

"Okay. It's for you, not me," laughed Ellen.

Following Hedda from the store to the light truck with a second huge carton filled with vegetables, Ellen tossed a blue-wrapped package to the overalled man in the driver's seat. Ever since she, and Hedda, and Tank Beegle, and Bilge Wyeth, had been coming to Vermont for holiday visits with the Roger Harrisons at Jabez Binney Lodge, Ellen had joked with Eb Bassler about his favorite brand of chewing tobacco that no one else in the county would touch.

"I want to develop Eb's sense of humor—if he has one," she told Hedda when she had gone through the usual song-and-dance with the hard-bitten farmer. "Some day he'll crack a smile and show he's human."

As the station wagon rattled past an old Colonial farmhouse, Ellen told the driver to stop.

"Hi, Dr. Holman, how's Patsy?" she called out to a

stocky man on the porch. Several times she had offered to buy the doctor's beautiful police dog, of which she was fond. Always she had been refused.

"She's gone," said the doctor briefly, walking toward the gate. "Disappeared a week ago." He eyed Eb Bassler closely.

Before Ellen could find words to express how greatly she was shocked at the news, the driver of the station wagon glared at Dr. Holman.

"That case is comin' up in County Court Monday," he snapped. "I'll be there to git some justice!" Letting in his clutch abruptly, Eb Bassler jerked the vehicle into motion.

As the station wagon rumbled down the rutted road, Ellen Wakefield's thoughts were confused. What had happened to Dr. Holman's Patsy? And what case was coming up in court? Ed Bassler stopped a hundred yards from Jabez Binney Lodge.

"Hop out," he said.

"Too bad Patsy's lost, isn't it?" said Ellen, picking up her carton of vegetables.

"Yep. Too bad," mumbled Eb Bassler as he raced his motor and drove off.

In the doorway of the lodge stood Tank Beegle, a grin on his

round face. Bilge Wyeth lounged against the door behind him.

"Bilge and I figured you two had run out on us, knowing you couldn't follow the trail tonight."

"Tonight?" Hedda Vaughn's blue eyes looked questioningly toward Ellen.

"Makes no difference—day or night," answered Ellen cheerfully, thrusting her burden into Tank's unwilling hands, and pushing him ahead of her into the log cabin's huge living room. "All trails look alike to me, Tank. My grandfather was an Indian scout."

"And mine sailed a twenty-foot boat from Sweden to Maine without even a compass," said Hedda, as she dropped her carton into Bilge Wyeth's arms, and prodded him toward the cabin's kitchen.

"Lucky for them both that they won't see you get lost tonight. Bilge and I just finished laying a trail you'll never follow." Tank Beegle's black eyes reflected great inner satisfaction.

"Last Easter you two smarties had plenty of trouble trying to keep on the trail Hedda and I laid," scoffed Ellen. "It's a pity you haven't learned what to expect by this time. I've got a hunch."

"It's a trail you're to follow," retorted Tank, "not a hunch."

# Follows a Hunch

*Ellen and Hedda follow a trail laid by the boys  
and uncover a cruel plot in the haunted house*

Helping unpack the grocery cartons, Ellen turned to Mrs. Harrison with a question.

"What does Eb Bassler mean when he says he's going to court to get some justice?"

Before Mrs. Harrison could reply, her husband straightened his tall frame in front of the coal range.

"Eb's nursed a grudge against Doc Holman and the rest of us ever since we formed an association to hold the land that this lodge is on," said Roger Harrison. "Claims our deed doesn't give title to two acres around the house of the Five Gables."

"That ramshackle old place alongside the river between here and Bassler's?" Tank Beegle glanced quickly at Bilge Wyeth.

ROGER HARRISON nodded. "Even though we don't use it, we know it's ours. Eb used to rent it out, and says he still should. So he's going into court—with Doc Holman, our association's treasurer, as defendant."

"Has Eb got any case?"

Roger Harrison shrugged. "Enough to be troublesome. Some of the old surveys around here weren't very accurate."

For a few seconds there was silence. Then Ellen raised another question.

"Does Doctor Holman think that Eb stole Patsy out of spite?"

Mrs. Harrison nodded emphatically. "We all do!"

"But there isn't a shred of proof," said Roger Harrison.

For a second there was silence again. Then Tank Beegle reached for the groceries lying on the kitchen table, and shoved a big potato into Ellen's hand.

"Get to work, Eagle-Eye, and fix up supper. Bilge and I are half starved from laying the trail that you won't be able to follow."

The moon was beginning to peep over the mountains when the sextet in Jabez Binney Lodge had cleared away their evening meal. Putting the last plate on the shelf near the kitchen door, Ellen nodded to Tank Beegle.

"All set now, Tank, to win another free vacation."

Tossing a dishcloth in the general direction of a hook, Tank pulled a pine cone from his trousers' pocket.

"We dropped these wherever we couldn't make blazes on trees," he said. "Where we could, we put small notches breast-high on tree trunks. Start from the fallen oak on the path down to the river." Tank winked broadly at Bilge Wyeth. "Have a pleasant evening, Eagle-Eye—until we meet again."

"Is the trail that long?"

Hedda Vaughn's obvious worry brought a guffaw from Tank. "I mean you'll give up by morning!"

"If there's a trail, we'll follow it!" declared Ellen. But the boys' grinning faces aroused a fleeting suspicion. "More funny work, eh?"

Tank shook his head quickly. "Certainly not!" he declared. "We wouldn't fool you!"

"I wouldn't put it past you to try!"

From the fallen oak, the two girls picked up the first blaze. It was on a white birch, east of the path that led along the

river in the direction of the house of the Five Gables. Flashlights adding to the light of the moon, they sought the second blaze. This was west of the path. The third notch found them completing three-quarters of a circle around the fallen oak.

"They want us to get dizzy before we even start," piped Hedda Vaughn.

Warming up to their scouting, Ellen and Hedda walked abreast, but several yards apart, so that if the trail turned again, one would be sure to spy the blaze.

Ahead, the mournful call of a screech owl stabbed insistently through the woods. It was an eerie sound, and Hedda declared that it sent cold shivers down her back. The moon



THE CONE TRAIL LED ON, UNTIL ELLEN SAW STRAIGHT AHEAD—THE HOUSE OF FIVE GABLES

*Illustrations by  
Henrietta McCaig Starrett*



was higher now, and the woods thinner. The girls went forward slowly but surely, using their flashlights less and less to find the trail's notches.

"Like taking candy from babies," Hedda declared, as she walked across a small clearing toward a tall cypress. "Those two aren't so smart as they think."

Of a sudden, a gangling form leaped up before her, weaving grotesque, unjointed arms. With a cry, Hedda shrank back. And for a moment Ellen was as shaken as Hedda.

Then she stepped toward the now motionless form. Putting out a quaking hand, she laughed—in relief.

"A bush dressed up in overalls and a hat!"

Her flashlight played along a string that Hedda's foot had broken, letting the bush straighten up to look like a man in the semi-darkness. In this gloomy, threatening woods, with its weird rustlings, shifting shadows, and clutching fingers of branches, Ellen could see that Hedda was trembling.

"They can't frighten us with a scarecrow," she said encouragingly.

"But they *did*! I'm scared silly!" Taking a deep breath, Hedda squared her shoulders. "But I'm still with you."

THE moon had gone under a cloud, and round pools of light from their flashes accentuated the heavy blackness through which the girls groped their way until a crashing, tearing noise sounded to their right. Hedda clutched at Ellen. And though Ellen's sharp eyes could make out no form, it was plain that the sound was coming nearer—as if a huge animal were lunging through the underbrush. When it seemed as if they could wait no longer, the crashing stopped—directly in front of them. There was heavy labored breathing, and Ellen flashed her light into the blinking eyes of a large cow.

Released abruptly from agonized suspense, Hedda plumped herself on the ground.

"Tank certainly couldn't have trained that cow to scare us," she admitted.

Emotions under control finally, the girls disregarded the cow's curious stare and sought the next blaze. But they did not find it. And it was nearly half an hour before Ellen realized the significance of a pine cone that lay at the edge of the woods.

"We forgot about these," she said glumly. "And we've lost plenty of time."

Hedda moaned. "Maybe Tank was right about our being out till morning!"

The cone trail led across field after field, until Ellen focussed her eyes straight ahead—on the house of the Five Gables. Even in the daylight the deserted homestead, which Eb Bassler claimed as his, gave her the creeps.

"They've run the trail through *that house*!"

"And I wouldn't go inside it tonight for a million dol-

lars!" Hedda was positive. "I'm so scared now I'm petrified."

"Well, I'm going to follow the trail no matter where it goes!" Ellen tried to speak calmly. "And so are you—for . . . for the honor of our grandfathers."

"It's my grandfather's granddaughter I'm worried about," said the quaking Hedda, following Ellen reluctantly. "She's too young to die of fright."

The pine cones led straight to the weather-stained, rickety old house. And circling it slowly, the trail followers ran at last into a woodshed built against its back wall. Once more the moon was behind a cloud. The nearby woods lay in deep shadows. A screech owl sounded and re-sounded its piercing wail. Hedda stopped short.

"I won't even stick my head inside that shed."

But Ellen refused to go back to Jabez Binney Lodge and admit that Tank and Bilge had scared her off the trail.

"Then wait here for me. I'll go in alone!"

Flashing her light, Ellen Wakefield gingerly stepped over the uneven shed floor. At her heels came Hedda.

"I couldn't . . . wait outside all by myself," Hedda whispered hoarsely.

Together the pair searched the woodshed. But sticks and chips of wood were all they found until Ellen uncovered a brown pine cone at the foot of a side doorway to the main house.

"Doesn't look like the other cones to me," said Hedda. "It's much older and drier."

Resting her hand against the door, Ellen shook her head.

"That's probably to throw us off. If Tank thinks he can . . ." The door against which Ellen's hand pressed swung open!

The girls stood frozen.

They knew that this entrance always was barred from the inside. Yet Ellen's light touch had opened the door without even a squeak.

Turning their flashlights cautiously into the darkness of the house itself, they saw only a bare floor. Hedda drew back, but Ellen pulled her forward. And together they crossed the farm-kitchen, empty except for a huge iron stove.

Every sense alert, they advanced slowly. A board creaked beneath Hedda's foot, and her startled exclamation made Ellen's heart pound.

"Stop yelling!" she ordered.

"But I'm scared!"

"We both are!" declared Ellen. "But why make things worse!"

Hedda's flashlight, which had been weakening fast, went out. And the single beam of Ellen's torch pierced the kitchen's terrifying gloom. Its light focussed straight ahead as the quaking girls crossed the narrow hallway into what once had been a living-room.

Then, through the sepulchral quiet of the narrow hallway, there came to their ears an in- (Continued on page 43)

## Robin

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I heard a robin singing to himself  
In a tree in the dark all alone.  
It was April and chilly—he'd not been here long—  
There were distances over and under his song,  
And a wandering doubt of his own.

When a dream wakes a robin—and daylight not come—  
All alone in the dark in a tree,  
What he says is half-murmured, and seems far away:  
But now there are leaves again, now it is May,  
And he sounds more contented to me.

And soon in deep summer he'll sleep the night through,  
In his tree all alone in the dark.  
For summer is drowsy, and not until fall  
Will the blue air grow taller and distances call,  
And that star like a diamond spark!

I wish he could tell me what journeys he plans,  
In a tree in the dark all alone,  
With his dreaming head snuggled up under his wing,  
And the great sky uncharted—and he a small thing,  
And the end of his travels unknown!



EDWIN B. DOOLEY, *Radio Sports Commentator*, tells how to enjoy

# Baseball, Our National Pastime

IN THIS modern age, when girls are sharing the spotlight with boys in virtually all competitive athletics from tennis to golf, and swimming to fencing, it is only natural to expect that the fair sex would evince an increasing interest in the national pastime of baseball.

One has but to take a quick glance at any of the panoramic photographs of the World Series games of last season, printed in many newspapers throughout the land, to be convinced that baseball is attractive to girls as well as to boys. The stands literally were filled with both men and women who thrilled to the superb play of Dizzy and Daffy Dean, Frank Frisch and Mickey Cochrane, as the St. Louis Cardinals and the Detroit Tigers, pennant winners of the National and American Leagues respectively, battled for the baseball supremacy of the world.

Another indication of feminine interest in the national pastime, as well as of the universal popularity of the sport itself, was seen in the recent tour of Babe Ruth through the romantic and progressive land of Old Japan. Wherever the Bambino went, whether it was in the modern cities of Nippon, or in the far-flung provinces of the archipelago, he was welcomed by hundreds of thousands of wildly cheering slant-eyed people who saw in him the incarnation of baseball excellence, the living epitome of skill.

Every game in which the Babe played was well attended, and when he hit a home run, the crowd went wild with joy. Many of those who welcomed Babe Ruth, wherever he journeyed, held in their hands American and Japanese flags, and gave students of international relations reason to believe that as an ambassador of good will, Ruth, the King of Swat, is in a class by himself. His genuine affability, boyish face and natural naïveté, added a glorious chapter to the annals of sport and sportsmanship.

Baseball's popularity is due to its simplicity, understandability, and its constantly varying situations. All one needs to play it are a ball, a bat, a few gloves, and a level field. A child can grasp its rules and easily comprehend its variations, yet there is no limit to the skill with which it can be played. The strange part of it all is, the game is relative. Two teams of youngsters meeting in a high school game, get just as much fun out of it as do the professionals playing in the huge ball parks which dot the country.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the pastime, it might be well to outline briefly the rudiments of the game, and thus enable them to join the vast multitude of fans who look forward each year with avidity to the World Series.

A BASEBALL team is made up of nine players; namely, a pitcher, a catcher, a first baseman, a second baseman, a third baseman, a short stop, and three outfielders. The outfielders are designated right fielder, left fielder and center fielder, according to the position or territory of the field they cover.

The field itself is divided into what are familiarly known as the infield and the outfield. The infield is marked by bases,

THIS CURRIER AND IVES PRINT IS THE OLDEST KNOWN PICTURE OF BASEBALL. THE PRINT REPRESENTS A GAME PLAYED AT A CIVIL WAR PRISON CAMP AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



By courtesy of Kennedy & Co.



By courtesy of Kennedy &amp; Co.

sometimes referred to as "sacks." These are placed on the ground in the shape of a square or "diamond," ninety feet apart. There is, for example, the home plate, beside which the batter stands when he is "up." This plate is made of rubber or wood and is sunk in the ground so that a player sliding over it will not get hurt. First base (all bases except home plate are small, canvas covered sacks, square shaped, and fastened to the earth by means of a strap and a clasp) is directly to the right of home plate, ninety feet away. Second base is directly in front of home plate, but farther away than either first or third base. A line drawn from home plate through the pitcher's box would, if continued, bisect second base. Third base is to the left of the catcher, as he faces the pitcher's box, and ninety feet away. The pitcher's box is half way between the catcher and second base, directly in the line of both.

**W**HEN a team takes its position in the field, and the other team is at bat, each player goes to that part of the field where he belongs. If he is a first baseman, he goes to first base and would never think of going anywhere else, because each position demands a highly specialized form of play, and he is a specialist only at that particular position. The other basemen go to their bases, and the shortstop goes to that part of the field between second and third base. The outfielders play well back of the infield, in order to be prepared to catch long "flies" (when the ball is hit up in the air, it is a fly) and back up the infielders on errors made by the latter.

In the average game there is but one official, an umpire, who stands behind the pitcher and calls balls and strikes. In the major league contests, however, there are three officials. One of them stands behind the catcher to determine which of the balls thrown by the pitcher are good, i.e., strikes, and which are bad, i.e., balls. The difference between the two is

#### LADIES OF 1879 FOUND SUGGESTIONS FOR SMART BASEBALL SHIRTS FOR THEIR MENFOLK IN THE BUTTERICK MAGAZINE

this: when the pitcher throws the ball to the batter, the ball must cross some part of the plate at a level somewhere between the batter's knees and chest. If it does, and the batter lets it pass, it is a strike. If he swings at it and fails to hit it, it is a strike. If he hits it, and it goes outside the baselines (or foul lines) which bound the field (that is, the lines between home plate and first base, and between home and third), it is a foul ball, and counts as a strike. Three strikes put a player out. If, however, he has two strikes on him, and he hits a foul ball, it does not count as a strike. The pitcher continues to pitch to him until he either strikes him out, or walks him.

Should the pitcher fail to put the ball over the plate four times while the batter is up, the batter is "walked," that is, advanced to first base, just as though he had hit the ball and run to the base.

The idea behind the game is to score more runs than the opposing team. A run is scored when a player is advanced around the bases, and arrives home, i.e., at home plate, safely. The only regular way a player can get to first base is by a "walk," or by hitting the ball and getting there before the man receiving the ball throws it to the first baseman, who must have his foot on the sack or bag when he catches the ball. If the batter arrives at the base before the ball gets there, he is safe, and is entitled to remain there.

It must be remembered, however, that when a player hits the ball in the air, and it is caught by one of the men in the field, he is out automatically. It must be caught before it strikes the ground, of course. If it does hit the ground before being caught, then the player who hit the ball can try for as many bases as he thinks he can make. A man on base can never go from first to third (*Continued on page 40*)

# The Heedless Haydens

*Blue Slippers  
and  
Wet Alfalfa  
Spell  
Disaster for  
Bendy*

by

LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER

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*Illustrated by  
Joseph Stahley*

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THE STORY SO FAR: The Haydens of the Rocking Chair Ranch (orphans, a large, happy-go-lucky family) were in danger of losing their home, because they had sold so much land to pay for the impractical schemes of the oldest brother, Ben. Ben's twin, Bendy, was terrified because "All-alone" Smith, a hostile old woman, bought all the land they sold. She resented the attitude of a newcomer—an attractive young man named Jim Thorne—who considered the Haydens slack neighbors. Her encounters with him usually resulted in a flare-up of tempers on both sides.

To save the home, Bendy turned the ranch into a dairy-farm, buying twenty-five cows with calves. All the Haydens except Ben who had left home—from Mary Martha, their grandmother, Laura, the second sister, and Murdock, the cowhand, to Joe and Skipper Ann, the children—worked hard with the cows; but the barns needed repairing, and Bendy borrowed from the bank, giving the herd as security. On the way to town to sell cream, she lost control of her car on a hill. Crashing down, she struck the gate of the Thorne ranch, the impact knocking her unconscious. Jim Thorne and his Mexican servants revived her, and the episode ended with a bargain—Bendy delivering milk to the ranch in return for the privilege of driving Jim's car.

Madame Parthene, the dressmaker, also made a bargain with Bendy, making her a dress to wear to the Grange dance.

## PART V

THAT evening in Slow Water Bendy left her can on the front porch of the cream station to be tested the following day with the others. That way there was always a check coming to the Haydens for their last can of cream. Their favorite diversion was to imagine how much it would be. "Maybe six dollars and fifty-three cents," Joe had hazarded about this one.

Yet every time the figures on the check were a little below expectations. And every time there was a purchase to come out of the money. New shoes for Joe because wet, cold feet often brought on earache. An alarm clock for the professor's

abode. A meat-chopper that Laura simply must have. "It's economy in the long run, because one utilizes left-overs that otherwise would be thrown out." Laura evidently had read minutely the advertisements for meat-choppers.

It was such fun to have money to buy things! Bendy bought herself a bright and fuzzy blue beret. She had a warm brown one, but she pretended to Laura that the wind blew right through it.

Never yet had she been able to deposit in the bank one of the pink creamery checks toward the ninety-day loan which, with interest, would fall due December twenty-ninth.

This evening Bendy hurriedly unloaded her cream can, and drove to the Drummy home. Ellie was alone, reading a detective story. "What did you want, Bendy?"

Leave it to Ellie to sense that this was more than a friendly call! Bendy was a little afraid of her friend's perceptive powers. Ellie wasn't halfway through the detective story, yet she could tell you just how it would end.

"I want to go to the Grange dance, Armistice night. Madame Parthene made me a dress, and I have a burning desire to show it off." . . . *Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth . . .*

But Ellie was all helpful seriousness. "All right, I'll tell Abner about the dance. He'll jump at the chance to take you."

Then Ellie switched the talk to Ben. It was sweet to see her face grow rapt. There was nothing of the wilted pansy about it now—more like a pansy freshened with dew. Strange, thought Bendy, how Ellie was content to sit on the side lines of life and watch love go by, content to catch the tag-end of its smile. While she, Bendy, must ask more—must reach out a hand to stop it.

Ellie was telling her that she had looked up statistics, and had found that there was a poultry place in northern Colorado where they had experimented with crossing wild turkey toms and domestic hens. She would write to Ben, and tell him to go there and study their results. Or was Ben not so set, any more, on raising these new-fangled turkeys?

"I don't know," Bendy answered. "He wrote once, and said he was going down into the New Mexico cañons to



catch some wild toms—and that's all. He just writes silly notes and poems to Skipper Ann." Mixed with Bendy's loneliness and longing for Ben came an unsatisfied feeling. Either Ben ought to plunge into his turkey project, or come back to the Rocking Chair.

IT was nice to sit here in the warmth of stove and lamp-light, and talk to Ellie. Ellie had such a warm interest in all the doings of the Haydens. She had such a keen yet sympathetic mind. She knew about the voting on the Rocking Chair that eventful night, and about Laura reminding Ben that he had made a mess of things. "Of course Ben does do a lot of floating around on a magic carpet. But that Laura is an uppity little piece, and if a magic carpet did come her way, she'd put it down on the ground and wipe her feet on it."

Armistice Day came. The day of the dance. Willingly, Abner had followed instructions, and had asked Bendy to go.

Things which had been important before seemed only trivial this morning. Laura wore an air of disapproval—but that didn't matter. This was the morning Bendy should check over the cows' charts—but that didn't matter. Carnation, the contented cow, had gained in production—but that didn't matter, either. Bendy only laughed when Murdock explained that a flitter-gibbet cow had stuck her foot into his milk bucket. Old St. Vitus herself! She had waited until the bucket was three-fourths full. She wouldn't be bothered putting her foot into a bucket unless it was over half full.

All morning long, as Bendy fed calves and saw to the scalding of milk buckets, fed roly-poly pigs and saw that the little runt got his quota, she wrestled with a persistent idea that wouldn't be put down. Until finally it conquered. At noontime she said in a wheedling voice to Mary Martha, "Could you milk my share of the cows this evening?"

Indeed, yes, Mary Martha could.

"Because this dress—you know I told you Madame Parthene had made me a dress?"

"Out of a curtain, you said, didn't you, child? Will it be warm enough?"

"Of course it's warm enough! But it isn't quite finished. And I ought to go over early and try it on, in case she has to change it. So I thought I might better just stay, and have Abner Drummy pick me

up there. It's a long trip to come all the way home."

Mary Martha was in a mellow mood. "God love you, dear! 'Tis a lovely *cailin* you are."

Bendy appeased the guilty, but gay squirming of conscience by forking the evening's feeding of alfalfa for the cows into the open feed corral before she left. Nice weather like this, they fed the cows in the corral outside, rather than in the barn.

She rode horseback in to Slow Water. She remembered as she passed Jim Thorne's ranch, that this was the evening she should deliver milk there . . . Jim Thorne was going to the dance. She'd asked him if he wanted his car to drive to it, and he'd said no, he'd ride his Sylvia mare. Then if he went to sleep in the saddle, Sylvia would get him home safely.

The Ab Drummy Mercantile was the old and established store in Slow Water. It had a shoe department, crowded in between buckets of axle grease and men's sheepskin coats. It carried serviceable shoes in chunky white boxes. A two-strap pump, military heel with wide last, was their idea of a dressy model for ladies.

But one evening the lights of Bendy's car had spotlighted a pair of blue *moiré* evening pumps in the window of a new little store which had recently opened. Arrogantly high of heel, they were, and enhanced by brilliants. The price mark underneath read, "Seven dollars and fifty cents."

Bendy made herself say loudly and fervently, "There they can sit for all of me!" Yet when she visualized herself in the loveliness of the blue taffeta dress, those slippers were always on her feet.

This day of the dance she entered the store hesitantly. "I wonder if those blue slippers are my size." She half hoped they wouldn't be, even while her heart prayed they would.

The eager little store owner had them in her size. He brought them out for her inspection, holding one on the palm of his hand.

"These haven't the brilliants," she said.

Oh, but the ornaments were extra! The regular price for that set of brilliants was one-fifty; but for her—he'd let her have them



SHE CAUGHT JOE BY THE ARM. "WHAT IN THE WORLD?" SHE ASKED HIM. JOE'S TEETH WERE CHATTERING. HE WAS TRYING NOT TO CRY



for a dollar if she bought the slippers—a great bargain.

Eight-fifty altogether. It was too much, too much, Bendy kept telling her unruly self.

Now where could she find a prettier slipper, or one that fitted her foot so beautifully, urged the storekeeper. . . . Or one that fitted her glamorous dreams so beautifully, urged Bendy's heart.

She took out the pink check. This was the largest one yet—seven dollars and fifty-seven cents. She had a dollar of Joe's in her pocket. He had saved it for a cap with ear muffs, for cold mornings. She could tell Joe that Drummy's didn't have the kind with ear muffs—just until she got the next cream check. Then she'd get his cap.

Bendy walked out of the store with a long, narrow shoe-box under her arm, and every second thump of her heart was one of guilt, every other one of ecstasy.

The day, which had started out in brilliant sunshine, had changed. A slushy wet snow was falling as she trotted from Slow Water to Madame Parthene's.

Excitement pulsed through her as she dressed for the dance. Madame Parthene fumbled through a jewelry box for a quaint medallion-shaped locket, and hung it on a narrow black ribbon around Bendy's neck. She sighed, "I envy you, child—your eyes so packed with dreams."

Abner drove out to Parthene's for her. He told her that his Uncle Ab wanted to see her as soon as she could come to town. Bendy scarcely heard Abner as he talked; she scarcely noticed the windshield wiper clicking softly through the wet snow, for her thoughts were racing ahead.

Jim Thorne wasn't at the dance.

AN AFTERMATH OF SOBS QUIVERED THROUGH  
HER BODY—BUT SHE SHED NO MORE TEARS

**F**LATNESS, in spite of the blue dress crinkling softly through every dance; in spite of the brilliants twinkling over every square inch of dance floor; in spite of the envy of other girls—"Wonder how many yards it took"—in spite of dances piling up until she could no longer count them.

The dance wore on. Under Bendy's fitted bodice was a sobbing wail, "It's getting later and later!" The smell of midnight supper coffee filtered into the dance hall, and still Jim Thorne did not come. Her eyes had grown weary from watching the door—and pretending not to.

And then he came! Bendy knew it by the upward sweep of wings in her throat, knew it before she half turned her head and saw his figure, taller than any other, in the doorway. His hair was still damp from the snow; it made it a shiny, wavy black. He looked a little tired, she thought, looked as though his thoughts were elsewhere.

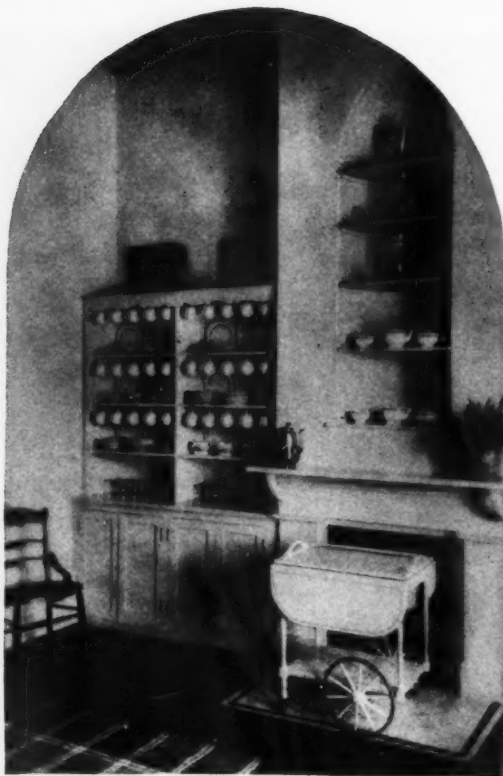
Abner had left Bendy to talk business with some man when the loud bellowing, "First call for supper!" sounded. She was glad she was alone, for Jim was coming in now. He was coming down the side of the hall where Bendy sat. But suppose he went past her. Recklessness, like a hot wind, swept over her. She stood up, touched his arm. "I—I didn't bring the milk over this evening. Because I had to get ready for the dance. I hope you didn't need it."

"Thomassa did need it."

"I'll bring it over in the (Continued on page 30)

# Little Houses

*provide joyful moments to troop activities, and a re*



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BLUE AND YELLOW IS THE COLOR SCHEME FOR THE GIRL SCOUT PEACE HOUSE IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK, EVEN TO DISHES AND POTS AND PANS

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# ses and Gardens

*nts in making a real home for  
a real place in the community*



NOW IS THE TIME TO START ROCK GARDENS.  
THESE SCOUTS PLANT IRIS AND COLUMBINE



HOW GOOD FOOD TASTES WHEN  
YOU PREPARE IT YOURSELF IN  
YOUR OWN LITTLE HOUSE!  
THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG MEAL IN  
THE COURSE OF CONCOCTION



BROWNIES ENTERTAIN THE  
EASTER BUNNY WHO LOOKS AS  
IF HE'D JUST STEPPED OUT  
OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"



CENTER: THE PEACE  
AND BEAUTY OF  
THE TWENTY-THIRD  
PSALM PRESENTED IN  
A LOVELY TABLEAU

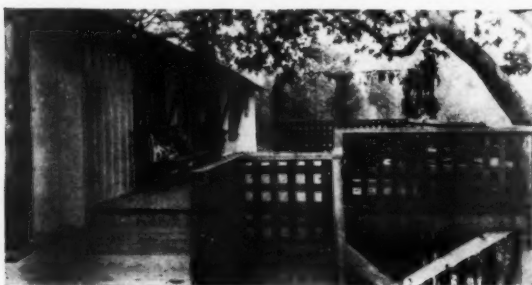
IF YOUR LITTLE  
HOUSE IS IN A CITY,  
WHY NOT MAKE A  
GARDEN IN THE  
BACK YARD?



# Worth Working for!



A REMODELED BARN FORMS THE ATTRACTIVE LITTLE HOUSE OF THE CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS GIRL SCOUTS



GIRL SCOUTS OF ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA ENJOY THE OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM OF THEIR LITTLE HOUSE



CHEERFUL, COLORFUL CHINTZ BRIGHTENS THIS HOSPITABLE CORNER OF A LITTLE HOUSE BEDROOM

## OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

### A Place of their Own

**K**ERENS, TEXAS: We are a new troop and had never heard of Girl Scouts' Little Houses until we received our first issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* last week. But we had already obtained a place for our meetings that might be called our Little House.

When we first organized we met in a Sunday School room at the Methodist Church, but we soon realized we needed a place we could call our own, where we could keep our patrol books and other troop property. There were several vacant buildings in our town, and we decided to use one of these if we could get it.

About a month ago, Mrs. Jennings told us we might use her building downtown for our meetings, and that we might also use the piano that is stored there. We furnished our quarters with old furniture that our mothers and friends had thrown away—pieces that we could patch up, paint, or re-cover. Each patrol (we have two) sold candy on Saturday, and bought cretonne to curtain off a corner for their patrol room. In the center of the building we have the troop room where we practice our songs around the piano, work on the quilt we are making, practice our play, and have a good time in general.

Troop 1

MAIDA HOLLOWAY

### A Special Troop Meeting

Ramona, Oklahoma: Our troop, the Lone Pine, has only been organized a year, and most of our members have passed the Second Class Tests. We have bought, and planted a small Belgian pine tree as our emblem. We have a log-cabin, finished except for the doors and windows, and this has been paid for entirely by the Girl Scout troop, and the Boy Scout troop. The labor was done through Federal Relief.

Our troop had grown tired of gathering indoors, so, one rather cold day, we decided to meet in our new log cabin. The fact that it still lacked both doors and windows only added zest to what we termed an ADVENTURE. The air was rather chill, but we surmounted this obstacle with a large hickory fire, built in our enormous rock fireplace. Think of having your first meeting in your first Little House, for which you had been working six months!

**E**STHER WADE of Troop Nine, Johnson City, Tennessee has the honor of being named Star Reporter for April. Esther writes:

"The Girl Scouts of Johnson City, Tennessee are extremely fortunate in having for their 'Little House' a pioneer log cabin which has a most interesting history. The original cabin was located on Brush Creek in Washington County, North Carolina, and was probably built about the year 1760. Tennessee was then a part of the State of North Carolina, and the house was built on a site near the Johnson City-Jonesboro road, about two and one-half miles west of Johnson City.

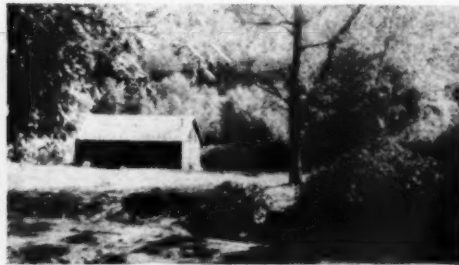
"From this cabin, Darlin Jones, one of the early pioneers of this section, took his musket and started to the meeting of the mountain men at Sycamore Shoals, prior to the battle of King's Mountain. At this memorable battle, he fired the shot which killed Colonel Ferguson, the commander of the British forces at King's Mountain. After the battle, he returned to his home on Brush Creek, and died there some time near the year 1831. After his death, the cabin was occupied by his widow, Nancy Huff Jones, and a son, Alfred Jones. Nancy Huff Jones lived to be one hundred and two years old; she died in 1892, and Alfred died in Johnson City in 1927. The authenticity of this story may be vouched for by Mrs. Etta Davis of Johnson City who is a granddaughter of Darlin Jones.

"The cabin passed out of the hands of the Jones family, and eventually came into the possession of Mr. E. H. Miller of Johnson City. It was about to be torn down when he learned of its history, and had it moved to a beautiful woodland setting in Johnson City, where it is now being used by the Girl Scouts. The troops of the town have furnished the cabin out of their own funds, and have purchased several valuable antiques so that the pioneer atmosphere is well preserved."

*A place that is all your own—to plan for,  
to have good times in, to make more beautiful!*



CAMP MERRICHASE, MILFORD, MASSACHUSETTS—A GRAND PLACE FOR HAPPY WEEK-ENDS, NO MATTER WHAT THE WEATHER



THIS CABIN IN THE LAURELS AT POMPTON, PENNSYLVANIA IS A GOOD PLACE TO INVITE ONE'S SOUL IN PEACE

Just to meet was not enough, we must have a real celebration. So we invited our Council Members, our Lieutenant and Captain, and we had what we slangily termed "a swelligent" pot-luck supper. Everyone brought something, and we had a splendid variety. Cakes, meats, salads, baked beans, sandwiches, fruits, cookies and candy!

Then, by way of entertainment (other than eating) several of us had a surprise for the others. After weeks of practicing, at last we could dash off the Morse Code rapidly and correctly! Inspired by our example, others of the girls gave impromptu demonstrations of Girl Scouting.

We stayed until it was quite dark, sitting around our fireplace telling stories. Everyone voted that we had had the "experience of all our Girl Scout experiences," and we resolved to come again—and soon.

ANNA MAE CONWAY

### A Historic Little House

Shawmut, Alabama: The Girl Scouts in Langdale, Alabama (which is a part of the Chattahoochee Valley Area Council) have a very historic Little House. For several years the girls have been dreaming of a day when they would have a house of their own, and now that dream has come true.

In Langdale, which is the second oldest community in Chattahoochee Valley, there stood one of the oldest houses. For several years it had been unoccupied, and the Scouts heard rumors to the effect that it was to be torn down. Suddenly they had an idea about this house, and before they hardly had time to realize what was happening, the historic old house was theirs, for the community liked the idea of preserving this landmark.

The Girl Scouts have furnished the house in very early American, the furniture being made under their direction at the local carpenter shop. The fireplace contains a crane on which hang black iron pots and kettles, and many are the delicious meals that are cooked over the burning logs, and in the hot ashes. They have made a real home for themselves, and many happy hours are spent there each week.

MILDRED ORR, Local Director.



GIRL SCOUTS OF LANGDALE, ALABAMA PRESERVED THIS HISTORIC HOUSE AS A LANDMARK FOR THEIR COMMUNITY



THE LIVING ROOM OF THE OLD HOUSE ABOVE. MANY DELICIOUS MEALS ARE COOKED IN THIS HUGE FIREPLACE



## The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 25)

morning," she told him. Oh, why did he always haggle with her about the things she did, or didn't do? Couldn't he even see this dress, its fullness rippling to the floor, and just skimming the blue slippers with the brilliants on them? Did she still just look like a hoydenish Hayden to him? Mary Martha said she *did* look like the fair Lady Brenda. Quite without intending to, she burst out, "It's a new dress. Madame Parthene made it."

What a childish remark! For all the world like a four-year-old preening herself for attention! She tried to cover it up by laughing flippantly, "It's my milk dress. Isn't it wonderful what a milk route can do? I trade milk for a car, and for a dress, and buy slippers with a cream check."

"Yes," he agreed quizzically, "it's wonderful what a milk route can do."

Bendy went on with forced gaiety. "A compliment about the dress is in order! Even Abner noticed that a blue dress makes my eyes blue."

"I noticed that long ago about a blue shirt," he answered.

His eyes lifted from the slippers to her face. He started to say something else, but two half-grown boys came clumping past. He drew her aside protectingly.

Suddenly the flippancy, the recklessness, gave way to something more heart-catching. Bendy felt crowded and hurried. Moments like these, when part of the lights were carried into the dining room, and the hubbub of the dance hall surged there, too, when all the musicians were gone in to supper except the violinist who was softly picking out a new piece on his violin—moments like these, with Jim Thorne beside her and not engrossed in his horses and fences—oh, these moments were fleeting, transient things!

The violinist's touch was surer now. It was a waltz melody he played, with one beat irregular, hesitant—like a question in the heart. A rancher was dancing with his giggling daughter, teaching her the waltz step. Bendy spoke breathlessly. "Don't Jimmy," unconsciously she used the name the worshipful Thomassa used, "don't you dance with your milk lady? You said yourself we'd declare an armed truce."

He put his arm around her; they fell into step. "Bendy, you're such a funny little nut!" But on the turn he held her tight—because the rancher and his clumsy daughter had almost bumped into them. "Would you snap at me like a snapping turtle if I suggested being neighbors and visiting back and forth?"

Bendy's laugh was a note of sheer happiness. "Will you take it back about our being slack neighbors?"

"Will you take it back that I'm a hateful neighbor?"

Someone touched her arm. It would be Abner to take her to supper. But it was not Abner. It was the homesteader's oldest boy

who said with a nod toward the door, "Miss Bendy, your brother wants you."

Bendy whirled about. Why, it was Joe! He was standing in the doorway, looking bewildered and frightened. The glamour, the enchantment of the minute, dropped from her like a tinsel cloak. She left Jim Thorne without a word.

Hurrying to the entrance, she caught Joe by the arm. "What in the world?"

Joe's teeth were chattering. He was trying hard not to cry. "Bendy—it's the cows. They're sick—they're awful sick. Murdock says every cussed one is puffed up like a

An uprush of nausea flooded over her. While she had been at the dance, preening herself, angling for Jim's notice of her and her blue dress, the cows were dying at home.

She tugged at Daywalt's arm, begrudging him the finishing gulps of coffee. "We ought to hurry."

Bendy and Joe drove back with Abner in his car through the heavy snow; the homesteader folks would bring Joe's horse when they came. Daywalt chugged behind in his little car. Straight and tense, Bendy sat on the edge of the seat, her eyes on the speedometer. "Abner, couldn't you go faster?"

Her slippers filled with snow when she leaped out of Ab Drummy's car and ran toward the cow barn.

Joe had not exaggerated. Carnation was down, the thinness of her neck accentuated by the bloated bulge of her sides. Another cow was down, too—Murdock's old St. Vitus, she who wouldn't be bothered putting her foot into a bucket unless it was over half full.

Sam Daywalt went from one cow to another, punching their sides with a testing thumb. A grunting moan followed each punch. He issued short commands. Get a fire to heat water. Hot blankets would help, too. Keep the cows on their feet and moving. If the gas worked around to the heart—

Bendy helped Murdock drag into the barn the stove they used for scalding pigs when they butchered. Her long blue dress hampered her, and she pulled on an old pair of Ben's overalls that hung in the barn.

What did it matter now that the dress was copied from the *Paris Pictorial*? Only the sick cows mattered. Mary Martha threw a sweater over her bare arms and neck, and Bendy wriggled her arms into the sleeves, the better to work.

Sam Daywalt stuck some of the cows. Bendy preceded him, swabbing off a place with carbolic solution. "A span of the hand from the hip joint forward, and a span of

the hand from the loin downward—that's the spot." She winced each time the knife went in.

They couldn't get Carnation up. Sam, dropped on one knee, said, "I'm afraid we're a little late for this cow-mama."

Bendy warmed blankets till the smoke curled up from them, and she and Joe put them over the heaving sides of the cows. Daywalt mixed and measured out a cloudy, fizzy liquid; and, with Joe's help, she poured it down their throats.

Joe hovered over his little Remember calf. The calf, being smaller than the others, had squeezed through a slack place in the corral, and into the feed lot. "You wouldn't think it could nibble enough to hurt it, would you, Bendy?" he pleaded.

The fastidious Abner had not stayed long. "I'm just in the way," he excused himself. At Bendy's insistence, Mary Martha went shivering off to bed. Finally Daywalt, leaving

## Cover Contest News

THERE seems to be no doubt at all that Joseph Stahley's beautiful cover design for the February issue was both appreciated and understood by readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Nearly four hundred letters, many of them giving a number of titles, have been received; and the majority of the titles have brought out the thought of peace, which was the inspiration for the picture.

Twenty-four girls submitted the title "Messengers of Peace," which we think was very good indeed; and we are, therefore, awarding the prize, a book, to the girl who sent the title first. The winner is Margery Schopp of Buffalo, New York. Other good titles were "Peace to the World," "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," "Messengers of Good Will," "Pandora of Peace," and "Wings of Friendship."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than April fifteenth.

poisoned pup. He says if they're not stuck, they'll die. That one—Carnation—your contented cow—can't even get up." Now Joe was crying. "And my little Remember calf, Bendy—she's sick—and she's so little—and she just—just looks at me."

Joe had come over on horseback, while Murdock and Mary Martha worked with the cows. Murdock had said to get Daywalt, a veterinary, if he was at the dance.

Daywalt was in the dining room at supper. "Sounds like they loaded up on frosted feed—or maybe wet alfalfa," he said easily.

*Wet alfalfa!* Bendy remembered the generous amount of alfalfa she had forked down for the cows' evening feeding. She remembered the wet, slushy snow falling when she came out of the store with the slippers under her arm. . . . *Wet alfalfa.* . . . She remembered almost word for word the warning in the bulletin from the Agricultural Department about cows eating wet alfalfa.

medicine and directions, departed. "Nothing more I can do. If the snow ain't too heavy for my Lizzie, I'll be back tomorrow."

Snow outside and warm, fetid air inside. Once, as Bendy sat back on her heels to work with Carnation, Murdock said gruffly, "Gosh-a-mighty, girl, look at them slippers of yours. Like wet dishrags."

But Bendy didn't hear, and didn't care. Carnation's eyes were no longer tortured. They were rolled back, glazed. Her breaths came slower—and harsher—and slower. Until finally Joe cried out, "Bendy, she isn't breathing now."

Bendy lifted the dusty blanket from the poor, puffed side. What a slim, slender-boned hip! Right in the hollow of Carnation's hip, Bendy had always pressed her head at milking-time, and said, "Put your leg back—that's a girl!" Her hand brushed off a clinging of straw . . . she let her hand rest there . . . Carnation was dead.

An avalanche of sobs racked her. Joe stared at her, and his own face contorted. "Don't—Bendy—"

Bendy so seldom sobbed, though often, like Mary Martha, tears welled into her eyes.

Joe put his arm around his sister to steady her rocking figure, and sobbed with her, even while he implored, "Don't cry, Bendy—"

Murdock walked stiffly up and down, and swore under his breath. Then the St. Vitus cow died. Murdock said, looking down at her, "Many's the good crack I gave the poor thing for fidgeting around!"

It was hard to persuade Murdock to go to bed, even when his stiff knee dragged his step, and stirred up the dust of the floor. "Yes," Bendy promised him, "we'll be going in soon—in just a little while," and he limped off at last, reluctantly, through the snow to his bunk house.

Joe and Bendy kept vigil there, keeping up the fire, warming blankets, talking in hushed tones as though they were in a room with the dead. Once Joe caught Bendy's arm as a thin, quavery bleat sounded. "That's my Remember calf. It's feeling better."

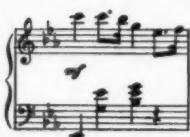
Bendy thought of Ben and longed for him, though there crept into her wanting him a vague censure. Why was he in the city, dawdling his days away at Professor Du-teau's?

A wan daylight crept into the cow barn. It slid along the wall, touched the white rectangles of pasteboard charts which she had made so proudly. The scale with the red mark on the seven pounds hung over Carnation's chart.

And still Bendy worked on untiringly with the sorry and bedraggled herd of cows. Surely the worst was over now! Some of the cows were answering the high-pitched bawls of the calves. They would have to be fed bran, mixed with warm water and with the powder Daywalt left.

In a far corner, Joe was snuggled down with his little Remember calf, sound asleep. Bendy stooped over him, wedged a folded bit of saddle blanket under his head. She saw the grimy little wads of cotton in his ears. . . . It was a twist of pain to remember Joe's dollar—that was to have gotten him a cap with ear-muffs—spent for brilliants.

An aftermath of sobs quivered through her whole body, ended dryly, heavily, but she shed no more tears. She had cried so much tonight that she felt she could never cry again. She would only go on carrying this terrible weight of remorse. (Continued on page 33)



## Let's take a walk around the block . . .

or through the park, out in the country or along the beach—but let's take a walk. Spring is in the air and the wanderlust has affected us all.

But you need proper clothes—comfortable jackets or sweaters with plenty of "give", flannel shirts and, for cross-country hiking or mountain-climbing, tailored breeches. In other words—**Girl Scout sport clothes.**

**THE SWEATERS**, both the dark green and jade green, are of soft brushed wool. The V neck, cuffs and the bottom of the sweater are finished off with a band of fine ribbing, giving a smooth fit. Leaders and Girl Scouts will like this sweater for school or the office as well as for walks and hikes. Sizes 10-18, 38-44.

8-253 Jade green (without trefoil).....\$3.00  
8-254 Dark green (with trefoil)..... 3.00

**THE SPORT JACKET** is quite tricky, with the zipper opening the whole way down the front and coming apart at the bottom. The high collar—which may be worn standing up or flat—snug-fitting ribbing at cuffs and waist and the pocket with the trefoil insignia give comfort and style. Closely knitted of dark green, all-wool yarn, this jacket is warm, weatherproof and water resistant.

8-123 Sizes 10-16.....\$5.50  
8-124 Sizes 18, 38-44..... 6.50

**A FLANNEL SHIRT** is always proper and comfortable for sports and hiking. Mannishly tailored, with soft collar, turned-back cuffs and pleated pocket, it is worn with either skirt or breeches. The soft green shade is a lovely contrast to the dark green of the sweater or sport jacket. Sizes 10-18, 38-44.

8-201 .....\$4.00

**BREECHES** of deep green wool whipcord or corduroy are well tailored and sturdily made. They are particularly suitable for cross-country hiking, mountain climbing or deep woods camping. Sizes 10-18, 38-40.

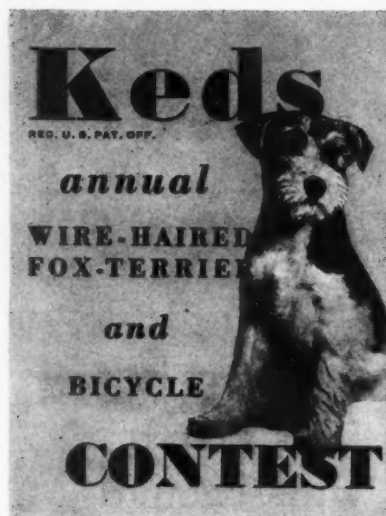
5-201 Corduroy .....\$5.50  
5-202 Wool whipcord ..... 7.50

**BERETS** are worn on all occasions—to school, for sport, riding and in camp. Because they are comfortable, becoming and so reasonable, they are bought a number at a time to match each sports outfit. Colors: red, orange, green, brown, white and black.

8-501 Beret .....\$0.75

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**  
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE  
570 Lexington Avenue  
New York, N. Y.





## You can choose your PRIZE—a DOG or a BICYCLE

THIS year the 50 prizes will be awarded for the most interesting snapshot photographs of boys or girls in any outdoor activity. It is easy to enter. Go to your nearest Keds dealer. Ask for your free copy of the 1935 edition of the annual Keds Handbook of Sports and Games. Tell him you want to enter—just as simple as that.

Keds are the instinctive choice of girls for every phase of outdoor life. Their rubber soles do not slip. Their canvas tops are airy and comfortable. Their construction cushions the feet against jar of stone and concrete. We want photographs showing the wide range of activities in which boys and girls are interested. And we know generally that Keds will be there, too.

Ask for  
**FREE COPY  
KEDS 1935  
HANDBOOK**



**48 STATE PRIZES  
2 NATIONAL PRIZES**



Look for the sign below  
in your KEDS dealer's  
window.



**United States Rubber Company**

## You and Your Dog

(Continued from page 7)

you can judge very well what a person is like by the way his dog acts. If the dog is well-mannered, you may be sure his master or mistress is. And if he is undisciplined, you may be sure the owner is weak or vacillating, just like the mother of a spoiled child. Or else that dog and owner are mismatched.

"I, as an artist, should not have an active dog. I have at times, for the active side of me loves them, but the suppression of the studio is terribly bad for them. Take Pat, for instance. *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*—do you remember it?—was his portrait. He was as loyal a terrier as could be, and would stand the quiet beautifully for a while, just for my sake. Then, all of a sudden, he would run off and get into fights with the most awful dogs—just go on a regular 'bender' and come home bloody and full of fleas.

"After Pat had run away a good deal, I had to whip him to cure him of this bad habit. I hated doing it, for if my work had allowed me to go out and romp with him every day, he never would have had these outbursts. Besides, the whipping didn't work because he had ways that were too bewitching. Once after he had been away for several days, he hunted up his whip and brought it to me himself. Now who could whip a dog under those circumstances, no matter how much he needed it? It's like a person who comes and says, 'I've done something perfectly terrible,' and tells you frankly what you were prepared to accuse him of. You'll find yourself utterly disarmed.

"That's the way I was with Pat. So I just talked to him and told him how disappointed I was in him. It was much more effective than whipping. He was contrite for days. So now I don't whip him any more. When I call him for one of these reprimands, his ears go down. He just seems to shrink all over, he feels so badly; and he looks at me with an appealing expression which seems to say, 'I can't be as bad as you think I am.' I feel sorry for Pat. He was meant to rollick, and he shouldn't be suppressed, even for me."

I wondered how much of Miss Thorne was reflected in Pat. I can imagine that her own childhood career may have been sprinkled with escapades; and I can picture her bringing a chastening hairbrush to her father, with that same appealing look, "I can't be as bad as you think me."

"Some people think Scotties and wire-hairs are much alike," went on Miss Thorne, "but that isn't true. A wire-hair is an active, mischievous dog, full of fun, but restless and not a good companion for a meditative person. A Scottie, sedate and thoughtful, sometimes taciturn, is an excellent dog for quiet, thoughtful people; for he can respond to playful moods, but never initiates them. He makes an excellent dog for writers and artists who like the feeling of companionship without being disturbed. Always sensing his master's mood, a dog of this breed will sit quietly by, or gaze out of the window, while you sketch or compose your next story plot. Nothing very exciting about such a dog. A wire-hair would drive a person who wants to concentrate crazy, for whether she wanted to play or not, the dog would pester her till she did, art be hanged! That is why, when I have a wire-hair for a model, I have to think up extraordinary ways for keeping him still long enough for a shorthand sketch.

"In the summer of 1933 I was sketching a wire-hair for the *American Magazine*, and she was one of the most exasperating models one could find. If I asked her to lift her chin and look pleasant, the chances were that she would scratch her ear. If I placed her in exactly the right position and told her to hold it, she eyed me defiantly, jumped down from the stand and frisked around the room. Altogether the job of making her portrait was like chasing grasshoppers."

When Miss Thorne is about to make a dog's portrait she likes to have him come and live with her for a while, so that she can get to know his moods (and he, hers) before she begins to sketch. Then she selects a characteristic pose, for she likes to depict character rather than points in her dogs. After a day or two of observation, she selects an interesting mood and goes ahead. Meanwhile the dog has come to recognize her as a friend, and makes a better "sitter"—though the only still dog is a dead one, according to Miss Thorne, and no dog will really pose. You have to catch him in the attitude you want, do a sort of sketcher's shorthand, and make your final drawing from a page of shorthand sketches. To be able to make such shorthand notes, one must know dog anatomy backwards and forwards, as Diana Thorne does; she has observed it ever since she was able to observe anything; afterwards she supplemented her observations and the trial and error method, with study at the Imperial Academy in Munich, and the Charlottenburg Technical College in Berlin.

To rehearse the picturesque details of Diana Thorne's life would require much more space than is available for one short article. One might say, however, that her artistic career was launched one day in 1924, when there appeared in an art shop on Madison Avenue, New York an etching of a girl on roller skates being pulled along at hilarious speed by a wire-haired terrier. The etching was called *Rollin' Home*, and in the lower corner were the initials "D. T." The merry quality of it was like the sound of the first hurdy-gurdy in spring. It did something to every dog- and child-lover who saw it in the window. People lingered to look more closely, and many went inside to ask who was this "new" artist.

Thus, after years of faithful striving, Diana Thorne arrived. Soon her illustrations began to appear in the leading magazines; as time went on, commissions came to do portraits of famous dogs, to illustrate books, to do a book of her own. Drawing now became her work and her play, and the means of a substantial livelihood. Among her famous dog models have been Commander Byrd's "Igloo," Gary Cooper's Afghan hound which he brought from the Far East, Fannie Hurst's Pekingese, the Lunts' dachshunds, Buster Keaton's St. Bernard, and the famous "Flush" of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

February, 1935, finds Miss Thorne leaving for North Carolina to do portraits of dogs and horses, and from there to the Bahamas to do some tropical water colors. In between, there may be some tarpon spearing. For even though dogs are vocation and avocation to her, she does have other hobbies—fishing, sailing and riding. Cosmopolite she may have become, but underneath she's still an outdoor prairie girl.



## Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 31)

This was her fault! She had failed them all—Murdock, the grumbling; Mary Martha, the trusting; Laura, the desirous; Skipper Ann, the loving; and Joe here—grubby, generous little Joe, who always turned to her in trouble. They had all put their trust in her, and her high talk of saving the Rocking Chair.

And how had she held their trust? With slack fingers. She, with her resentment because people called them the heedless Haydens, being herself the most heedless girl alive. She, who had forgotten the menace of All-alone Smith there on the hill, biding her time till everything slipped through Bendy's slack hands. *Slack*. Not one of the cream checks had found its way to the bank. And that one—the biggest one yet—she had signed and given to the fawning little storekeeper for slippers. Just so that Jim Thorne might notice her blue eyes. What a little fool he must think her.

Laura came to the door of the barn. She had overslept this dark morning, with snow sifting past the windows and muffling the brazen crowing of the big red rooster; with no early-rising Mary Martha, or Murdock, to rattle and bang at the kitchen stove. Although Laura wouldn't admit it, she never could waken of her own accord, and her schedule called for her rising at five-thirty. "Bendy, don't you know it's nine o'clock? Even if the cows are sick, you shouldn't drain all your resistance. Just look at your feet! Why, where did you get those slippers?"

A sorry sight, those blue *moiré* slippers which had cost a can full of cream, plus Joe's dollar. Bendy stared at them, at Laura, stupidly.

"I didn't know Drummy's store had any like those," Laura went on. "And you've lost one of the buckles. You're so heedless!" Then her face softened in sisterly concern. She took Bendy's arm. "Don't look so starchy and white. Come on in, and go to bed and rest."

Bendy stood—starey and white—looking at the blanket-covered Carnation, and at St. Vitus lying in the corner. In an agony of heart, she was saying, "It was all my fault, Carnation. St. Vitus, it was my fault."

She shook off Laura's arm. "No, there are two things I have to do before I can rest. I have to take Jim Thorne's car back to him. And I have to see old Ab Drummy at the bank. He sent word he wanted to see me."

*What did Ab Drummy tell Bendy when she went to the bank? What did Jim Thorne think when she returned his car? The next installment will tell you what happened.*

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 about a change to  
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YOUR mirror's trying to tell you it's time to change to *crispness* in your diet. For bright eyes and a clear complexion you need a break in the routine of hot, heavy, winter meals. Light foods—crisp and nourishing—are so much more refreshing—so much better for you at this time of year!

Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast tomorrow, with milk or cream and a bit of fruit. Delicious! Just the thing to bring your winter-

weary appetite out of its den. One taste and you'll be "hungry as a bear."

Kellogg's are grand any time. A tempting lunch. And wonderful for an after-school snack. They're full of energy, and so easy to digest!

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APRIL

## SHOWERS bring forth HANDICRAFT HOURS

RAINY HOLIDAY? Hike called off? Disappointed girls? "Of course not! We make it a handicraft day, with lunch at the troop rooms and, later, a story-telling hour." This is what one leader told us. We thought it such a good idea we are writing an ad about it.

With so many different kinds of crafts, every girl in your troop will find something at which she can become proficient and will enjoy. Best of all—every craft shows a practical, tangible return for the time and energy given to it. Commencement gifts and birthday cards will give added pleasure if they are hand-made.

Block printing can be used for announcements, greeting cards, menus and on cloth for book covers, portfolios and other such gift items.

- 18-411 Block cutting outfit with handle, extractor and 5 points.....\$ .50  
 18-412 Handles, each..... .20  
 18-413 Points. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Specify type, each..... .10  
 18-421 Brayer (roller) ..... .55  
 18-426 Spatula ..... .40  
 18-431 Printer's Ink. 2 oz. tube. Specify color ..... .40



### LINOLEUM BLOCKS

- 18-401 Size 3" x 4" ..... .10  
 18-402 Size 4" x 5" ..... .20  
 18-403 Size 4" x 6" ..... .25

Weaving, bead work, basketry or the making and playing of Shepherd's Pipes are also popular as crafts, and entertaining too.

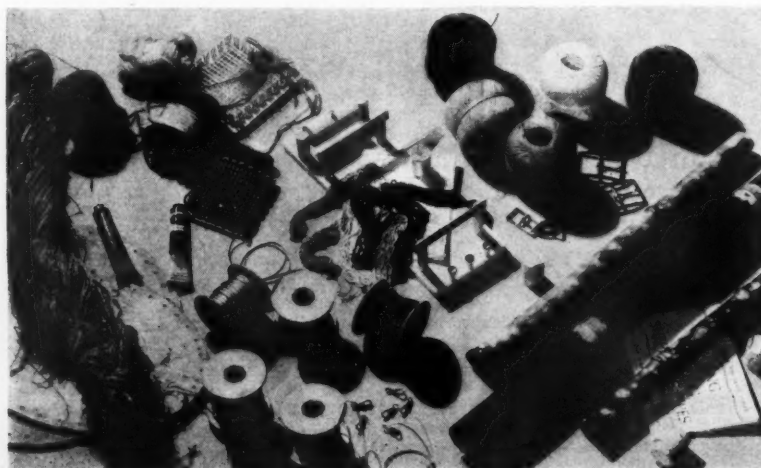
- 18-289 Weave-It, 4½" loom.....\$1.00  
 18-286 Ostling hand loom, 6" size..... 2.95  
 18-287 Ostling hand loom, 12" size..... 5.95  
 18-281 Bead loom set..... 1.00  
 18-302 Reed. #2. Pound..... .85  
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- 18-185 Bamboo, 22" .....\$ .15  
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## The Blue Hat

(Continued from page 11)

of the part they had had in the changes which had taken place there. She told what the housing and reconstruction committees were doing, how they were tearing down old slums and erecting model tenements.

When the speaker ended her talk, there was an eloquent silence for a long instant, then applause swept across the auditorium.

Blake rose. "Shall we try to beat the crowd?" he asked, nodding toward the platform. "If we hurry, we can meet Mrs. Shaw before the rest get up there."

But Kate remained glued to her seat. "Oh, truly, Blake, I'd rather not!" she answered. She had forgotten all about the hat while Mrs. Shaw was speaking, but now, like the Old Man of the Sea, it confronted her again. "After all, it must be an awful bore for Mrs. Shaw to meet so many people. Hadn't we better just go straight home?"

Blake shook his head. "I told Mother we'd go up there and be introduced," he said firmly.

So, somewhat to her own amazement, Kate rose and followed him up the platform steps. But when they had pushed their way through the group of Forum members who had already gathered around Mrs. Shaw, and the introductions had been made, the famous woman retained Kate's cold hand in her own warm one.

"Is this the girl who wants to be a writer?" she asked Mrs. White, with a keen, yet kindly smile at the eager girl. "My sister, Mrs. Hopkins, sent me a little story of yours which she said had been published recently. It interested me, and I wonder if you would like to run over to her house, where I'm staying, tomorrow morning, with some more of your work? It's so hard for a young writer to get started nowadays—and so few make a living by writing—that one fears to encourage anyone to go in for it. Still—" she snapped her lorgnette shut—"I thought your story showed originality and promise, and it may be that I can help you a little."

"Oh, would you? How wonderful!" Kate broke off, overwhelmed.

"My train leaves at noon, so come by ten. I'll expect you!" And with another smiling nod, Mrs. Shaw turned gracefully to the next person whom Mrs. White was waiting to introduce to her.

"Gee, that's great—what she told you about your story," Blake said cordially, as they walked toward home. "I knew Mother had a reason when she asked me to bring you up on that platform to meet Mrs. Shaw."

"Your mother is awfully sweet," said Kate, humbly. "So is Mrs. Hopkins, to take the trouble to send my story to her sister. I guess it was a good thing you learned obedience when you were young, Blake, and made me go up there. I wanted to meet Mrs. Shaw a lot, but—you see—this hat—"

"What's the matter with that hat?" Blake gave it an admiring glance. "I think it's one of the prettiest hats I've ever seen."

"But—but I bought it at the rummage sale," stammered Kate, "and it was Mrs. Shaw's own hat!"

Blake flung back his head in a hearty peal of laughter. "That's a good one!" he cried. "Though you needn't let that worry you. Mrs. Shaw wouldn't know whether the hat was new or old, blue or black. From what her sister says, she's terribly near-sighted, and absolutely color-blind!"

# Make an Oilcloth Ensemble

By ANNA COYLE

**S**PRING will be crisp" is the forecast of the fashion world. Crisp taffeta suits, blouses and scarfs will be worn. Crisp lingerie accessories will rejuvenate winter-weary frocks. Evening dresses that are literally mists of starched lace and taffeta will float crisply over the spring dance floor.

So why not carry the new note into the decorative scheme of your room? Why not crisp-up your home a bit, if Mother is willing?

Did you ever think of using oilcloth to brighten your own room, and to add a dash of color to dull corners throughout the house? It is ever so crisp and gay and spring-like. It makes a decidedly brave showing for very little effort and expense. It now has the soft pliability and sheen of a lovely piece of glazed chintz, added to its own good wearing and washing qualities. And it is so smartly styled this season that it has grand possibilities in the decoration of closets, kitchen cabinets, breakfast nooks, bathroom accessories, bookshelves, desk sets, dressing-tables, and nursery furnishings.

Choose your oilcloth pattern according to the place it is to be used. Among the newest, smartest patterns are plaids, in many vivid hues. Solid colors, too, are important, and may be had in a wide range of brilliant shades or subtle pastels.

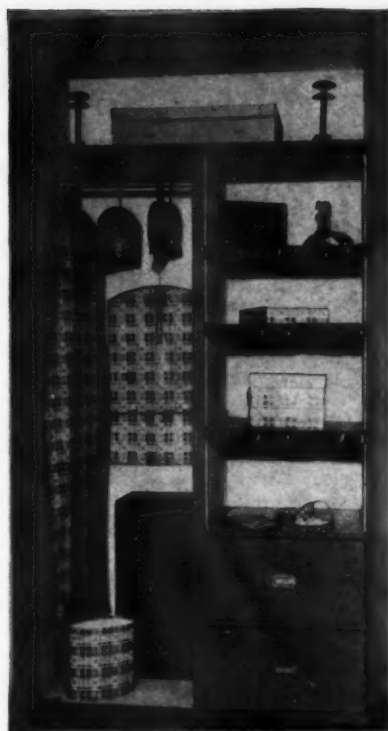
Special designs, for special rooms in the house, also have been created by clever artists. For example: For use in the bathroom a refreshing scenic design with floating water lilies on a placid forest lake is serene and appropriate. It is suggested as a wall covering, and may also be used to cover hamper, wastebaskets, and other bathroom fittings.

A juvenile pattern, in toile effect, depicting childhood's favorite nursery rhymes, is quaint and charming for the room of the very young person. It may be used to decorate a screen, to cover a toy box, and to make dresser scarfs, table covers, and the like. The small figures in this pattern, when used as cutouts, have all the charm of hand-painted decorations on nursery furniture.

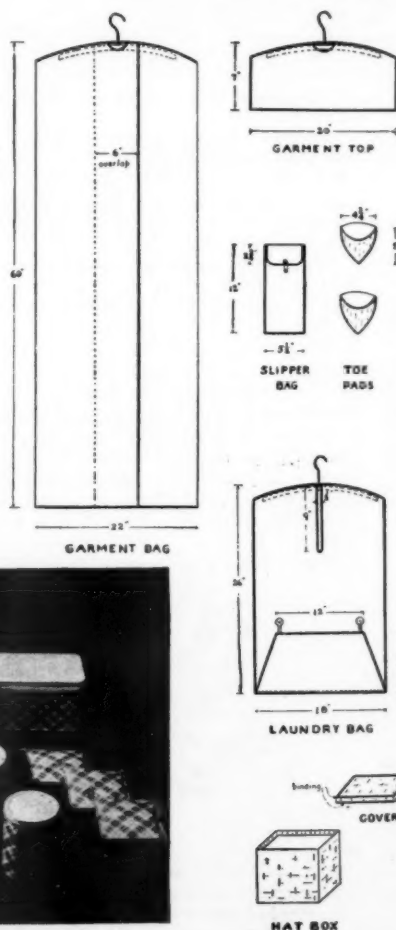
Children love its gamboling lambs, bright wooden soldiers, and Mother Goose characters.

An old English hunting print, reproduced in oilcloth, is the last word for big brother's room. The pattern has everything that the strictly masculine taste demands in decoration—rambling old English taverns, red-coated riders, horses and hounds. When you've finished with your own room, help Brother decorate his. Use this hunting print for wall or door panels, desk sets, closet fittings, and wastebaskets, in the masculine manner, and for backing bookshelves. For that matter use of this style is not limited to the boy's room. It will liven up the summer cottage, the informal living room, or breakfast room.

With this inviting array of oilcloth in the stores, let's see what we can do.



AN ATTRACTIVE CLOSET SET DONE IN SMART RED-AND-WHITE OILCLOTH

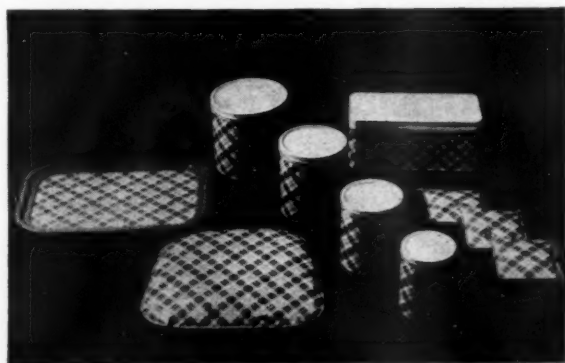


**Closet Ensemble**—The pattern which I have chosen for the closet ensemble is a bright, clear red-and-white plaid, sprinkled here and there with conventional wild roses. It supplies a bright spot of color on which you will often rest your eyes; and you'll find it will lift your spirits on a dull day.

If, however, you prefer solid colors you can hardly make a mistake in deciding upon peach colored oilcloth trimmed with green bias bindings, a color combination that is being featured in a popular closet shop right now. Red trimmed with black is striking. Pink and blue are dainty in combination. Chartreuse with black or vivid blue has an air of sophistication. And brown finished with brown, peach, or ecru bias bindings is practical and very smart at the moment.

In planning your closet, provide a particular place for each article of wearing apparel, then it will be easier to keep things in order.

First of all, make a full-length garment bag in which to keep coats or dresses that are not often worn. The oilcloth we are using is fifty inches wide, so what could be simpler than to cut a piece the full length of the bag (sixty inches), and fold it with the selvedge edges overlapping six inches down the center of the front! Finish the front edges with bias binding. This, you see, is the opening down the center-front through which garments will pass. Shape the top to correspond with the curve of a coat hanger, and cut a small curved opening in the front, through which the hook of the coat hanger will slip. Bind this curve first, then baste the back and front together at the top and (Continued on page 39)



TRY THIS CHEERFUL PLAID DESIGN TO BRIGHTEN UP THE KITCHEN





## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### IS THE DIRIGIBLE DOOMED?

When in mid-February the *Macon*, last of our navy's dirigibles, fell to destruction, the minds of aviation students harked back to the year 1859. In that year, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin—then only twenty-one—flew a new kind of balloon. Instead of being merely a limp gas-bag it was semi-rigid, and driven by a propeller. It was the first of a long line of dirigibles.

About one hundred and fifty of them have been built since that date. Their story has proved to be, largely, a record of catastrophes. More than half the whole list met disaster. Germany herself lost many of them. Some were wrecked in peace time, others were destroyed during the World War. England, France, Italy—each had tragic experiences with dirigibles. The United States fared just as badly. Our Navy lost the *Shenandoah* in



1925; the *Akron* in 1933; and, finally, the *Macon*. In these three disasters eighty-nine officers and men died. As a consequence, our Government has decided to suspend dirigible building.

Among nations, Germany has had the best luck with such airships. Her *Graf Zeppelin*—one of the best known of heavier-than-air craft—has been flying, on a regular schedule, between Friedrichshafen, Germany, and Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. It has actually made seventy-eight such crossings.

Alone, of all countries, Germany is going on building dirigibles.

### THAT MIRACLE, THE MIND

Many people will tell you they're at their best, mentally, in the morning. What they say fits in well with theories that represent the body and the brain as manufacturing "fatigue poisons" which, toward nightfall, slow us down.

Two men of science, however, have come forward with findings which seem to contradict such theories. They are Professors H. M. Johnson, and Dr. G. E. Weigand of the Mellon Institute. Their experiments with college students have shown that the average student's mental alertness is about twelve to fourteen per cent greater in the evening than in the morning.

It must be a sort of "second wind."

### OUR BOMBARDED WORLD

Centuries ago, showers of "shooting stars" struck terror to people's hearts and were thought to be omens of the fate of nations and of mankind. Now such shooting stars or meteors, in swarms or singly, are the subject of serious scientific study. Professor C. C. Wylie of the University of Iowa has made a specialty of them. According to him, no fewer than twenty-four million meteors dart into the upper air from outer space each day. Luckily, most of these are no larger than buckshot. As they rush through the atmosphere, friction heats them and vaporizes them. It's at this stage that we see them, fused and flaring, in the sky.

Some meteors—relatively few—actually hit the earth, and are then known as meteorites. These are mere remnants of much larger masses. Many are to be found in museums.

Metallic motes, left by vanished meteors, compose part of the dust in the air.

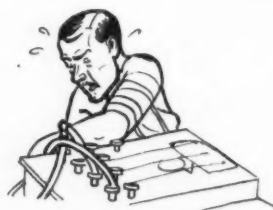
### BE GOOD AND YOU'LL BE CALM

From time to time, various so-called "lie detectors" have been invented. The latest of these and—so it's claimed—the most successful, has been perfected by Dr. Leonard E. Keeler of the Northwestern University School of Law.

The tests it gives are based on the assumption that, when anyone consciously tells a lie, that person is apt to be emotionally disturbed.

The polygraph, as Dr. Keeler's instrument is called, consists of devices which register and record blood pressure, respiration, and twitches of the arm or leg. Those submitting to the test are asked various questions, and the polygraph keeps tab on their emotional state, as they answer. Irregularities of blood pressure, pulse, and breathing, as well as involuntary twitches, are regarded as suspicious.

This alarming instrument occasionally



makes mistakes. Yet, on the whole, it's said to be trustworthy. The heads of fifty-two Chicago banks believed in it so thoroughly that they had their employees "polygraphed" in an attempt to unmask embezzlers.

### MOTHER BEAR'S PROBLEM CHILDREN

Hibernating animals are now waking from winter sleep and rolling out into the sunshine. Of all such snoozers, the bear, perhaps, has come in for most attention. Witness the Yellowstone Park naturalists who, with a sort of periscope, have recently been spying on certain vast bears slumbering in clefts. Students of animal habits, they've been



trying to find out just how sound a bear's winter sleep is.

Possibly, Bruin may be interesting in hibernation. Wakeful, he is the funniest of all animals, not excepting the monkey, in the opinion of many naturalists. The clownish caperings that delight visitors to zoos are far more boisterous, far more amusing, in the wilds.

These wilderness comedians are at their solemn best in the case of mother bears and cubs, according to Wendell Chapman, nature-student and writer. As disciplinarians, such mothers face hard problems, for they must cope with some of the world's most impish babies. Never still an instant, with small snouts eagerly questing, and claws and teeth busy, these problem children would baffle a modern child psychologist. By stern bear law, they must learn to swim—yet, at first, many of them won't go near the water. And they have a habit of climbing out on branches too slender to hold Mother's weight—and staying there, making impudent noises, till hunger drives them down.

For such disobedient didos, she-bears have one remedy—an old-fashioned one. They spank their children with determined paws. The little bears' defense is to roll themselves into tight balls which the mother sends spinning over the ground. Strange mixture of clowning and discipline!

### THE WAGES OF SPEED IS DEATH

A baby born in the United States today has slightly more than one chance in three of living to the age of seventy-two, Life Insurance statisticians tell us. It would have a greater chance of reaching a ripe old age if America could cut down its appalling accident rate. Among other organizations, the National Safety Council is doing its best to induce us to save our own lives and the lives

of others. The figures it provides should startle us into caution.

In 1934, there were, in the United States, about ninety-nine thousand accidental deaths—equaling the population of a large city. Thirty-five thousand, five hundred of these deaths resulted from automobile accidents. Accidents in homes accounted for the loss of thirty-three thousand lives—an increase of three thousand over the previous year. The number of automobile fatalities in 1934 was approximately thirteen per cent above those in 1933.

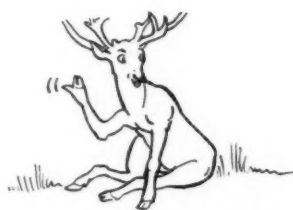
What's the remedy? Those who know tell us that, first and foremost, we must go slowly: a "saved" second may cost a life. Moreover, they remind us that proper drivers' license laws, in those States which have enacted them, have cut down accidents approximately thirty per cent. Unfortunately, less than half of our States have passed such laws. There should be rigid inspection of all cars, also.

In our homes, safety authorities state, we should avoid loose rugs on polished floors, badly lighted rooms and stairways, unbarred windows out of which children may fall, the use of gasoline near flame or of kerosene in starting fires—simple rules which, in the senseless rush of modern life, we often remember too late.

#### REINDEER ANSWER AN SOS

Thomas G. Murphy, Canada's Minister of the Interior, has made an announcement that should thrill all friends of Santa Claus. A huge herd of reindeer has finished, at last, a trek of three thousand miles. The animals covered the long trail on "hoof"—no hitch-hiking for them. They started from Western Alaska more than four years ago, their destination Kittigazuit, in far-northern Canada, their mission the saving of hungry Eskimos. For, to the Eskimo, the reindeer is life itself. It is a beast of burden, its flesh is food, and its skin clothing.

Ten herders, as well as the animals, risked their lives in a struggle with Arctic cold, and in fights with packs of ravenous wolves.



Canada has a kindly, paternal interest in the Eskimo. Also, there is another reason for the Dominion's concern over the recent large decrease in its Eskimo population. White explorers, prospectors, and trappers are dependent on native guides.

Unfortunately, civilization has been a bearer of death as well as assistance to these hardy natives. The common cold, and "flu," previously unknown, were carried into the Arctic by white men. Canned foods were undermining to a people which needed the fat in seal meat. And the white man's woolen clothing proved a fatal substitute for seal-skin. Woolens, after being washed, mustn't be dried on the body—an idea hard for the Eskimo to grasp.

But now, with the coming of the reindeer, he can lead a simpler, safer life.

## The Smartest People

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## Your Room and its Manners

(Continued from page 17)

the principles of good line. Rugs thrown diagonally across the floor are almost as bad. If your room has the cater-corner habit, try moving your larger pieces parallel with your walls. Almost as if by magic, your room will appear larger, more spacious, more restful, and more up-to-date. At the same time it will look much more hospitable and friendly. It will seem to invite you to come in, instead of saying: "You'd better stay out. It is already too crowded here."

I don't insist that nothing ever be set across a corner. Personally I don't like cater-corner arrangements, but if your problem is to make an abnormally large room seem less enormous, there are few arrangements that are more effective. In a room of average size, however, never place your bed, which is of course the largest piece in your room, in any position except parallel to the wall.

The next time you rearrange your furniture (and what girl doesn't love to change things around occasionally?) I'd suggest that you first make a sketch of your room, drawing everything to scale. For instance, you might let a half-inch of your drawing equal one foot of your room. Then cut out pieces of paper to represent your various pieces of furniture, also to scale, or nearly so. Shift these pieces around on your drawing until you find an arrangement that appeals to you.

With your drawing done to scale, you will be able to tell pretty accurately just how things are going to work out. Don't be afraid to leave some open spaces in your room. There are beauty and serenity in space. It is smarter, according to present-day standards, to have only a few pictures, a few ornaments—and those few as good as possible. Fussiness is taboo. Picture molding, cords and tassels are discarded, and pictures are hung in the simplest way possible—on a small hook out of sight behind the picture. The frames are simpler, too. Often they are made of unfinished wood, as plain as can be, so as to make the picture the main thing.

But let's get on to a discussion of color. Having your colors right is the most important rule of all. You simply cannot hope to have a pretty room if your colors are inharmonious. No room, no matter how expensive or lovely, will ever really satisfy you unless you like the colors in that room, and unless they are reasonably becoming to you.

Most of you have already given some thought to color, and the colors in which you look your best. Fortunately, it isn't necessary to master the whole big subject of color harmony before you set out to make a color scheme for your room. One safe method for an amateur is to use some pleasing color scheme in nature, or in a piece of beautiful material, or in a lovely painting. Regardless of where you get your ideas, keep these two things in mind: 1. The colors should be those you really like, and that are becoming to you. 2. They should not be terribly unusual. If they are, you'll tire of them in a little while. You cannot be redecorating your room every week or so. Therefore choose colors that you are sure you can enjoy, day after day, for a year or so at least.

Once you begin to look about you in search of color schemes, you will find an

endless number of them. Wherever you go, you'll see beautiful combinations that you might use. Suppose for instance that you are at the seashore one evening in summer. The sun is low and there is no longer any glare on the sandy beach, but only a lovely pinkish cast to the beige sand. The sea is blue with just a hint of gray. The sky overhead is a lighter tone of that same blue. Here and there are fleecy white clouds that repeat the white of the foamy breakers. Streaks of brilliant pink from an approaching sunset appear in the sky. Here and there on the sand dunes beyond the beach are clumps of dark green bushes which look almost black in the twilight. What lovelier color scheme for a room! A carpet of pinkish beige or a patterned rug in light tans, soft blues and pinks; walls light blue, slightly grayed, like the sky; ceiling and woodwork, white; curtains, frothy white net or a sparkling cellophane, to give you the effect of the clouds and the spray; furniture, either a light-colored wood, or painted the pinkish beige that we selected for the rug; upholstery, the soft blue of the twilight sea, preferably in some material with a sheen, as chintz or silk; lamp shades, flowers, and pictures repeating the tone of pink in the sky; picture frames, a pair of book ends, a vase or some other small article in the dark, dark green, like the growth on the dunes.

IT'S a room for a blue-eyed girl with fair skin and dark hair, isn't it? Let's find another. This time for a girl whose skin is olive, and whose eyes are dark brown. It might be taken from a woodland scene in autumn when all the leaves have turned to flaming colors. The walls, creamy gray like the trunks of the sycamores or birches (using white paint to which we add a little light gray and a tinge of yellow); draperies, that glorious shade of pinkish orange so characteristic of turned maple leaves—Chinese red is what we ask for at the store; an armchair covered with rich, dark brown wool, patterned in Chinese red and yellow; a smaller chair, slip-covered in the drapery material, also a few pillows for the day-bed of the same material; the day-bed itself covered in dark green, like the pines that look so striking among the brilliant autumn foliage; the floor dark, either brown or green; some yellow pillows, and one or two of yellowish-green added to our collection on the day-bed; a little dressing table covered in plain yellow trimmed with a narrow flounce of Chinese red; a dark green vase wired to make a table lamp, with a lamp shade of yellow parchment edged with brown; a brass bowl for flowers in summer, and bitersweet in winter; pictures framed in dark brown frames.

We might go on like this forever, working out one color scheme after another. These two, I hope, will give you some ideas on which to start. Before you begin, however, there are some common pitfalls to watch out for.

Avoid a preponderance of hot colors (yellow, red, orange, and all the in-betweens) in very sunny rooms. They will be all right if used sparingly, and with the larger surfaces, such as your walls and your bedspread, in cool colors.

Be sparing of cool colors in a sunless room, or in a room with north light. The

cool colors are blue, violet, lavender, bluish gray, and certain shades of green. If these are your favorite colors and your room is sunless, paint the walls a sunny yellow, a warm cream, a deep ivory, or a creamy tint of peach. Have your curtains match or harmonize with your walls, choosing a fabric sheer enough to let in all the light there is. When you've "warmed up" the background sufficiently, you may introduce any color, no matter how cold. But have restraint. Don't make the rest of the room all blue, all lavender, or all green. Suppose you've painted your walls a light peach as a background for the powder blue you like so well. Use powder blue for covering a chair or two; for trimming a peach and ivory dressing table; for a fringe on your bedspread—which might be peach like the walls, or ivory to match your curtains. That much powder blue would be lovely. More might easily be depressing.

Avoid monotony in color, and beware of getting too much of any one, or any two, colors. Every room needs variety. An all-green-and-white room is usually insipid, while a green, white, and red room, or a green, white, and yellow room might be quite charming. Follow the same idea that you use in planning your clothes. You have a green-and-white suit. What do you wear with it? Well, if you are entirely lacking in originality, you wear a green hat and a white blouse. But if you have a little flare for being different, you may wear a yellow blouse with brown buttons, and a yellow hat.

It's fashionable now to use varying shades of one color, as dark brown, light brown, tan, and beige for walls, hangings, and most of the furnishings. Then with this monotone scheme, you add spice and interest by bringing in a small amount of some brilliantly contrasting color, such as turquoise blue, or jade green, or garnet red.

In buying material for curtains, draperies, slip-covers, or upholstery, it is always best to try out a sample at home. A color that looks very handsome in the store may look all wrong when you hang it up in your own room. Try the colors under electric light as well as in daylight. Blues are especially tricky in this respect, many of them looking dingy under artificial light. Never select blue for curtains or lamp shades, as blue is most unpleasant with light shining through it. Green isn't much better, and lavender or violet will make a room look like a morgue. A good rule for curtains and lamp shades is to use only colors that have some of the qualities of light itself: yellow, cream, light tans, light peach, or creamy pink.

Be sparing of green. Green walls, if they are too dark or heavy in tone, will drain all the light out of a room. You will need twice as many lamps as you will in a room with light beige walls, for instance. If your furniture is green, don't paint the walls green, too. Paint them peach, ivory, putty, sand, white, or almost anything except green.

When you are fixing up your room, don't forget your clothes closet. It's part of your room and can be as pretty as a picture. Clean out your closet regularly, and don't keep a lot of things you never intend to use any more. And in your room, too, it is a good idea now and then to make an analysis of your possessions, and see what you



really think of them. Choose a rainy day, when you have lots of time. Take down all those souvenirs, pictures, and trinkets you have on your walls and shelves and give each erstwhile treasure a good "going over." Ask yourself: "Is this thing interesting or beautiful? Is it dear to me for some reason or other? Does it recall some pleasant event in my life?" If you can say "yes" to any one of these questions, all right. Keep each thing that you consider interesting or beautiful, or that means something to you—as long as it continues to have a meaning. Clear it out when you no longer have any particular feeling about it. Those rocks or sea-shells, for instance, that you collected when you were seven, were your pride and joy for a long time—perhaps even until you were ten or eleven. But now that you are growing up, and have new and wider interests, wouldn't your room be much more interesting, and like the girl you are today, if you put those seven-year-old treasures into the attic, or passed them on to some other seven-year-old child? Isn't it reasonable that you should "be your age" about your room, just as you are about your personal appearance and behavior? You don't want your room to be an historical museum of your outworn fads and enthusiasms. Neither do you want it to be a copy of the enthusiasms and fads of someone else—such as having pictures of Scotty dogs all over the walls, not because you like Scotties especially, but because "all the girls" have Scotties in their rooms. Your room should reflect *you*, *your* own personality, not the personality of some girl you admire. Every girl wants to have a personality of her own, and to stand out in some way as an individual, a little different from everyone else. More than you realize, you are affected by your surroundings. If your room is an insincere copy of some other girl, you aren't giving yourself a chance to develop your own tastes and characteristics. Be yourself in the way you decorate your room, and you'll not only be a more interesting girl, but the room will have more character.

## Oilcloth Ensemble



(Continued from page 35)




finish the raw edge with bias binding. Baste together at the bottom and finish with bias binding. The bag is twenty-two inches wide, and sixty inches long.




Next, make lots of garment tops—those slip-cover affairs to protect the tops of coats and dresses from dust. The one shown here is twenty inches wide and seven inches deep, and is curved at the top to fit the coat hanger. Cut two pieces of oilcloth according to these measurements and finish the raw edge at the bottom of each, and the small opening for the hanger-hook, with bias binding. Then baste the two together, with the wrong sides facing each other, and finish this seam with bias binding.

Also try this new style laundry bag. It hangs on a coat hanger, flat against the wall, has an opening down the front to receive the soiled clothing, and an envelope-flap at the bottom which unbuttons to empty the bag. Front opening, seams at the top and sides, and raw edges at the bottom are finished with bias binding. Loops of bias binding slip over the buttons. When finished the bag is eighteen inches wide, twenty-six inches deep, and (Continued on page 45)

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## Baseball, Our National Pastime

(Continued from page 22)

base. He must go from first to second, and from second to third, and third to home.

Sometimes a player in the infield or outfield, upon catching the ball that has been hit along the ground, will tag the runner with it, instead of touching the base with his foot. This play puts the runner out. Another way of putting out a man is by touching the base to which he is forced. If, for example, the first batter got a hit and reached first base safely, and the second batter was walked, it would mean that two men were on base—one on first and the other on second. Now suppose the ball is hit to the third baseman. He does not have to wait until the man on second runs to him. He simply touches third base with his foot, thus putting out the man who is running from second base. After that, if he still has time, he throws the ball to either first base or second base. If the ball arrives at its destination before the runner reaches the base, the latter is out, and a "double play" has been executed. Assume that the third baseman threw to second, and the second baseman threw to first base—the ball arriving ahead of the runners in both instances—a triple play would have been completed. This, of course, happens rarely, and when it does, the newspapers invariably spread headlines on the sport pages recounting the deed.

Each side is entitled to three outs each inning, and there are nine innings to a game. An inning means simply that each team has had a turn at bat and in the field. If the game is deadlocked at the end of the ninth inning, it continues until one or the other team wins. The home team always bats last, and, therefore, has an advantage. It can tie the score when it is behind, or win by pushing over a run in the ninth inning, or in its batting session in the extra innings.

he has "a fast one," or a "cannon ball," it means he has worlds of speed, and is throwing the ball across the plate so fast that the batters have difficulty in finding it or hitting it.

The most colorful feature of the game is a home run. Millions of people, yes, actually millions, have paid plenty of money in the course of two decades to see Babe Ruth drive the ball over the fence. And the Babe never disappointed them of his own free will.

A home run is made when a player hits the ball so far that he runs completely around the bases before the ball is thrown back to home plate. If a player hits the ball over the fence, it is in most instances a home run, provided, of course, it is within the confines of the foul lines.

The best thing about baseball is that it is played the same way everywhere. The field is always the same size, generally speaking, even though in one place it is played in a small park, and in another in a gigantic stadium. If one understands the game as it is played by little boys, he can appreciate a big league contest, or a minor league game.

No baseball fan would admit that he or she didn't understand the set-up of the major league game in this country, or the real significance of the World Series, or the pennant races. Baseball, at the present time, and for a good many years back, has had two major leagues. One is called the National League, the other the American League. The National League is represented by teams from St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The American League is made up of Detroit, New York, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, and Chicago.

Players, regardless of their skill and fame, are at the beck and call of the owners of

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The most important man on a baseball team is the pitcher. He is in every play, in that he throws the ball to the batters. The pitcher is usually a man who can control the ball, and enhance his throws with curves, drops, and variations which prove puzzling to the batters. Most teams carry several pitchers, because the strain on a man throwing a baseball at full force all afternoon is devastating, and sometimes painful to the arm.

At any baseball game you will hear such expressions as "He's getting poor support," or "He hasn't anything on the ball," or "All he's got is a fast one."

By support is meant the manner in which his teammates are assisting him. If the infield is retrieving the ball when it is hit by the batter, and is throwing it to first base, it is giving the pitcher good support. If it is missing the ball, or kicking it around in amateurish fashion, it is giving him bad support. The same is true of the outfielders. If a pitcher hasn't anything on the ball, it means he has few or no curves, and little speed with which to plague the batters. If

the teams. They can be traded to other teams, if the owner so desires. This is not as detrimental a status as it would seem off-hand. A good baseball player is in demand, and can make a comfortable living at his profession though the time-limit is rather short, compared with other professions, since most players are through at forty.

All big league teams are on the lookout for good material. They watch the college ranks for up-and-coming talent, and keep scouts going the rounds of the various minor leagues, so as not to overlook any likely candidates. The big league teams have what are known as "farms" or minor league teams where they develop players, season others who have talent but need experience, and where they send their "has-beens."

Not infrequently the minor leagues will send up a player to the majors for a fabulous price. One hundred thousand dollars is not an uncommon figure for a good ball player. If he is very skillful, he will be worth every cent of that to the club that "buys" him.

Perhaps I should have mentioned earlier that in a game as strictly professional as

baseball, the urge to play must be monetary, rather than idealistic. In order to keep a team playing hard all season, a cash award is attached to the winning of the pennant, in which every player of the winning team participates. A larger cash award goes to the players on the team that wins the World Series, each man profiting by at least five thousand dollars.

Each league plays an extensive schedule of games in its own circuit, with the idea of narrowing the race down to a pennant winner. The winner of the league's pennant is the best team in the league, judged on the basis of games won throughout the course of the season. The teams of the National League never play teams of the American League during the regular season, except when a charity contest is arranged.

When the season is over, and the pennant winner announced, a play-off series is arranged between the two leagues' respective champions. This is called the World Series, and the team winning four out of seven games is the world championship baseball team for that year. Last year it was the St. Louis Cardinals, piloted by dynamic Frankie Frisch, who was once a brilliant football player at Fordham University.

Interest in the World Series is not only national, but world-wide in its scope. The papers are literally filled with pages of writing about the individuals who compose the teams, and about the teams' play, idiosyncrasies, and aspirations. The nation holds its breath until the Series is over, and then rejoices by paying tribute to the winning Nine with dinners, speeches, Presidential and gubernatorial receptions, and radio contracts for the players.

There was a time, not so long ago, when most professional baseball players were recruited from the rougher element of the big cities and the rural districts. Even today there are some players in the big leagues who cannot write their own names, or read intelligently. The vast majority, however, are well educated men, many of whom have college degrees, and some of whom are lawyers, accountants, and business men.

The tremendous popularity of baseball in this country is best appreciated by recalling the significant fact that in the summer when the game is at its height, the circulation of newspapers increases tremendously. Jumps of fifty thousand or more papers, in the daily circulation of a metropolitan daily, are not exceptional. Virtually every edition carries headlines reporting the progress of the game by innings, and a complete box score is found in its pages.

The last decade witnessed a slight decline in baseball interest, largely because of growing apathy on the part of the colleges, and the increasing tendency of young people to take up golf and tennis. The last few years, however, have seen the pendulum swing the other way. Ford Frick, President of the National League, told me only recently that a careful survey showed that more boys were playing baseball all over the country today than at any time in the last five years. President Frick anticipates for 1935 the greatest season in the history of the game.

Professional baseball is a clean and wholesome pastime. The game is played honestly today. You can be sure that every big league game is fairly conducted and honestly contested. A player who would stoop to treachery would be ostracized by his teammates, and banished from the diamond forever.

# California... or...Connecticut



Mabel Howard  
Monterey, California



Iris Mary Bump  
Ivoryton, Connecticut

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### A Lovely Cover

HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK: At last I have decided to write and tell you how much I have enjoyed the magazine for the past seven years.

I have liked especially the stories about boarding school and the West. You can't imagine how much the proficiency badge pages of cooking and handicraft have helped me in my Girl Scout work.

Among the nicest features of the magazine, for me, are the cover designs. They are delightful, and each one is better than the last. This month's cover is particularly lovely.

Margaret Greene

### More Stories and Fewer Poems

ARLINGTON, WASHINGTON: This is the first time I've ever written, but I feel that I must express my gratitude for this lovely magazine. *You're Only Young Once* was one of the best stories I've ever read. Ellis Parker Butler's stories are engaging, too—and I'm following the etiquette series closely. *Moon Coming Up* and *The Education of Jane Adams* were both swell, and the article about *Women in Medicine and Nursing* was keen. I just love *The Heedless Haydens* and feel so sorry for Ben. In all, I think this is the best magazine I've ever read.

There is one thing though, let's have more stories and fewer poems.

Lois Price

### More About Em

HOPKINS, MINNESOTA: I would like to say that I think the stories in the February issue are some of the most interesting yet. *Foreign Faces* has my best approval, and *Two Trefoils* was grand! But please don't get the impression that I do not like the other stories, articles, and pictures, too.

Please have more stories about Em.

Shirley Nash

### The International Number

HANNIBAL, MISSOURI: I'm so ashamed! In all the three years I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I've written nary a word to tell you how much I enjoy it. Around the last of each month I begin to look for it, and hope each day will bring it.

And now, as the pencil sharpener says, I'll get down to the point. I really think that the 1935 International number is one of the best, if not the best, issue you've ever published. And I further thought that *Two Trefoils* by Edith Ballinger Price was a particularly good story. Both Ishbel and Ruth were ideal Scouts. In the line of articles I thought that Miss Schain's message to our readers was top-hand.

I was a little disappointed that *A Penny*

for *Your Thoughts* wasn't included, but, when I read the *International Greetings* from eleven foreign countries, everything was all right.

May we have some articles on journalism as I'm interested in that line?

Thank you again for the good times I always find between the covers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Jane Werner

### Yes, Thora, You May!

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT: The magazine gets better and better, so finally I just had to write my little word of praise. Everything about it is good, and like everyone else, I eagerly await its arrival each month. My little sister enjoys reading the old magazines when she is ill, and I do, too. The proficiency badge pages have been very helpful, and I love to see the pictures of other Girl Scouts.

May I send in more than one title for the cover contest? I have marked my choice if this is not possible, but otherwise, as you see, I have enclosed a whole list. The cover was certainly wonderful this month.

Thora Dow

### How About a Mystery Serial?

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a swell book, but I wish you would have more stories. I especially like mystery stories. Why not have a mystery serial? It would be keen. Or just some mystery stories. And please make them exciting. I love to read and I can hardly wait till the magazine comes every month. I hope to get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* always.

Virginia Wiley

### No Fooling!

METHUEN, MASSACHUSETTS: I've just finished reading the second installment of *The Heedless Haydens*—and it's one corking story, no fooling! Bendy is the most interesting person in the serial, I think, but Skipper Ann is a darling, too.

I just started taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in December, and now I wish I had taken it before. My whole family goes for it, and my younger sister (who will be a Girl Scout next year) just loves the stories, especially the one that was in the December issue, *The Big Idea*.

For myself I thought *Moon Coming Up* was a splendid story, for I like sea stories very much.

Marion P. Joyce

### They'll Bob Up Again, Jean

DORMONT, PENNSYLVANIA: I enjoy your magazine very much, and in the February issue I especially enjoyed the stories, *Wake Up* and *Foreign Faces*. However, I also noticed that the article on etiquette and the *Penny for Your Thoughts* page were missing, as were Jean and Joan. I hope these three popular parts of the magazine are not gone for good.

Jean Flaberty

### More Romance

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT: I have been subscribing to you only for two years, but I am devoted to you. You have improved greatly each year.

In the February issue, I think that *Foreign Faces* by John Woodseer was the best story. Every girl at my school who reads *THE AMERICAN GIRL* liked it best also. I wish you would have more of that kind.

One girl said that you should have more romance, and I agree with her.

Allison F. Broatch

### Garden Article Wanted

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK: I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoy my magazine. I am not a Girl Scout, but I expect to become one soon.

To begin with, I think *The Heedless Haydens* is coming along splendidly, and I hope we have more stories like it. *Two Trefoils* was just about the best story I have ever read, because Ruth and Ishbel were so loyal to each other, and they were both trying to do something nice for each other. I also liked *Wake Up* very well.

Among the articles I think *A Day in the Fields* is the best. *Gypsies in Winter* was also good. One of my favorite stories is *Foreign Faces*. It is excellent.

The only thing that is lacking in our magazine is advice on summer flower gardens. I am very fond of flowers, and I think everyone else is also. So please let's have an article on flower gardens.

Eleanor Wille

### Making It Last Longer

MISSOULA, MONTANA: The February issue is grand. I have finished reading all the articles and stories already. They are all keen, but, oh, how I wish there were more of them!

Where was the *A Penny for Your Thoughts* page? I missed it. Please have more stories. They make the magazine last longer, which is just what I want. Lots of the girls in Missoula read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and they all enjoy it loads.

Virginia Gisborne

## Ellen's Hunch

(Continued from page 20)

human wail. Hedda leaped toward Ellen. Ellen's flashlight, knocked from trembling fingers, clattered to the floor. Blackness—utter and terrible—enveloped them. And the unearthly wail became louder!

For a terrifying second Ellen's mind raced with mad speed. She tried, by reasoning, to control her senses. But her whole body shook. Dropping to her knees, she groped frantically for her flashlight and finally found it. In its beam, Hedda's face was white, as she knew her own was. But she stepped forward along the hall—while through the passage the wail echoed once again! Her lips were dry, and the palms of her hands were moist, as she took a second step. And then, to her startled ears, came another sound.

This time it was not a wail. It was a bark! Lying on a heap of rags in a room just off the hallway, Ellen Wakefield and Hedda Vaughn found Doctor Holman's police dog.

"Patsy!" cried Ellen. "That sound—it must have been Patsy howling!" Then her brown eyes blazed. "She's half-starved!"

Weakly the dog tried to get to her feet. But she could not rise. Her tail thumped against the floor, and her whine of recognition was piteous.

Loosening the rope that tethered the animal to a heavy table, Ellen flung her arms around Patsy. That anyone should treat a dog so—tie her up and starve her! There was no water, either.

Ellen's outrage was at red heat as her torch searched out every nook and cranny of the deserted house. But in twenty minutes of closest scrutiny, no hint could she find to identify the person who had imprisoned Patsy, until . . . reaching into the pile of rags on which the dog had lain, she shook each separate cloth. From one there fluttered . . . a scrap of blue paper.

Hedda voiced Ellen's thoughts. "That's from a package of Old True Blue . . . Eb Bassler!"

"Right! Ed Bassler it is!" Ellen was decisive as she and Hedda tenderly picked up the dog. "First we take Patsy to the lodge. Then we'll get Doc Holman!"

With every foot that Ellen and Hedda carried Patsy across fields and through woods, their anger mounted. And Tank Beegle, Bilge Wyeth, and the Harrisons were equally violent when the girls laid the dumbly thankful dog beside the cabin's warm kitchen range.

Mrs. Harrison rapped out orders as she gave water and food to the starving animal.

"I'll take care of Patsy. The rest of you go get Doctor Holman. And even if it is past midnight, have it out with Eb Bassler—right now!"

Standing in his doorway, clad in a night-shirt, Eb Bassler loudly denied any knowledge of Patsy's cruel predicament.

"When Doc Holman here hauls you before a judge, Eb Bassler," Ellen cried, "and I tell how crim- (Continued on page 44)



### 2 WEEKS LATER

THEY HAVEN'T ASKED ME TO GO TO THE MOVIES AGAIN. WAS THAT REMARK ABOUT "B.O." A HINT? I'D BETTER GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



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## IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE International Committee will present the Juliette Low Memorial Award for 1935 to one girl each from Regions I, V and X. Foreign countries from which two girls each are to be chosen are Egypt (The International Girl Guides in Egypt), Estonia, Denmark, and if possible one other country.



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## Ellen's Hunch

(Continued from page 43)

inally you left that poor dog without food and water—you'll go right smack to jail!"

Ignoring Ellen, Eb Bassler eyed Dr. Holman. "In court you got to have evidence."

"We have!" Ellen tugged at a pocket of her suede jacket. "You're the only man in this township that chews Old True Blue. And with Doc Holman's dog . . . I found this!"

Under Eb's nose she waved the tobacco wrapper. "Wait till I show that to a jury!"

Eb's bluster vanished. He turned to Doctor Holman.

"Mebbe we're all a mite excited," he said placatingly. "That boundary, now. Stead of us payin' lawyers, what say we split the difference and settle . . ."

Ellen Wakefield cut in sharply.

"That boundary line stays exactly where the association claims—or you go to jail!"

Eb Bassler read the faces of the group on his doorstep. His eyes shifted.

"All right," he muttered.

Doctor Holman turned toward Ellen to voice his thanks, but she was running down the road toward the house of the Five Gables. Tank Beegle gave chase.

"Hey!" he shouted. "What's up now?"

Ellen called back over her shoulder. "I'm following that trail of yours to the end."

Tank's guffaw resounded over the hillside. Ellen stopped short. "What does that mean?" she demanded, turning back to where Tank was laughing uproariously.

"You more than finished the trail," he said. "Bilge and I spread the last cones all around the outside of the house. We didn't mean you were to go inside."

Ellen remembered the tortured moments in the house, and her hand darted out. Tank roared with pain as she yanked his hair.

"When I told you my grandfather was an old time scout, I forgot to add that he scalped every tricky Indian he captured."

Tank Beegle protested. "Scouts never scalped Indians. They . . ."

"Of course, I can't be sure about it," answered Ellen, both hands set in Tank's hair. "I'm just following another hunch!"

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## Oilcloth Ensemble

(Continued from page 39)

has a flap eight inches deep and an opening at the top nine inches deep. The extra length for the flap is allowed in cutting the back.

The individual slipper bag with toe-pads to match is a clever idea, and takes care of a pair of pumps that are saved to wear on very special occasions. It is also practical for traveling. The bag is twelve inches long, five and one-half wide, and has a flap two and three-fourths inches deep. In cutting the back of the bag, allow two inches on either side to make a pleat down each side for fullness. This is sewed in at the bottom and left open at the top, so that the shoes have plenty of room.

Toe pads are made of two pieces of oilcloth, shaped in the usual way, basted with the wrong sides facing, and stuffed with cotton. They are finished with bias binding and have a loop of the binding extending from tip to tip.

Your hat boxes and suit boxes—cover them to match. Measure the distance around, and the depth of the box to be covered. In cutting the oilcloth, add one inch to each measurement. This allows an inch for the overlap where the ends of the material meet, and gives you half an inch to turn down over the edges at the top and bottom. If you want your box to last almost forever, first reinforce the edges of the cover with *passee-partout*, then paste a piece of oilcloth on the top to extend to within one-eighth of an inch from the edge, and a strip around the sides of the cover that permits the *passee-partout* border to show one-eighth of an inch on either edge. This, you see, gives you a decorative red binding at the edges of the lid that get the hardest wear.

A waste basket belongs here, too. If you haven't one to re-cover, you will find sturdy cardboard ones at the five-and-ten-cent stores. Cut a strip of oilcloth long enough to reach around and overlap a little, and wide enough to come well over the edges, and tuck in a bit at the top and bottom.

Now let's take a look at the kitchen, and see what oilcloth will do to cheer up that most important room of the house!

Canisters, bread box, enameled tray, hot-dish holders, chair-pads, luncheon sets, and shelving, all in one bright and cheerful plaid, will convert a miscellaneous collection of kitchen accessories into a whole that will be a real joy.

The ensemble shown here is worked out in a green-and-gold plaid on a cream ground. The hot-dish holders and chair-pad are finished with green bias binding, and stuffed with cotton; the covers of canisters and bread-box are ivory enamel, and the border of the tray, green.

For covering these objects with oilcloth, use regular wall paper paste, which can be bought at any hardware or wallpaper store, and add one tablespoonful of liquid glue to each quart of paste. An ordinary paint brush, two inches wide, which can be bought at the five-and-ten, can be used to apply the paste-and-glue mixture to the oilcloth. The mixture should be spread evenly and not too thickly, after the manner of applying paste to wallpaper. There is just one precaution. Before pasting oilcloth on an enameled tin, it is necessary to rough up the surface of the enamel with a fine piece of sandpaper. This makes the paste hold better.

# There's so many good times

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# Make Your Own Clothes

*Some easy machine- and hand-embroidery stitches*

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

EMBROIDERY has come into its own again! It is always a high fashion note, and this season it has become increasingly important. After all nothing so personalizes an article as a touch of embroidery, done either by hand or by machine. There comes a time when it is necessary to know a few of the stitches. Illustrated here are seven of the easy ones—three of them are done most effectively on the sewing machine, and four by hand. For this work one must have a good set of medium-size embroidery hoops—hoops that will hold your material taut—embroidery needles, floss, and a design to embroider, of course. The Art Department of your favorite store will have all these things. Then, too, the needlework magazines are full of ideas. Transfer patterns for embroidery are bought at the pattern counters. In stamping your design, follow the instructions on the pattern envelope. Lay material smoothly on the ironing board, place design with printed side down on material, then pin carefully to position. Your iron should be hot, but not scorching. With a quick up-and-down motion, run iron over the design.

And now let's get acquainted with one stitch at a time. The first one chosen is called the "Spark" stitch. Why, I don't know, unless it's because it so closely resembles a Fourth of July sparkler. This unusual stitch is accomplished best on your sewing machine. Prepare machine by removing the presser foot, and cover feed with the feed cover plate. In some types of sewing machines, the feed may be lowered and the plate is not necessary. Thread the machine, both top and bobbin, in the usual way, using two colors of thread—for example, red on the bobbin and black on top. Place the material in embroidery hoops—adjust machine tensions, having top thread tighter than for ordinary stitching, and bobbin much looser. Before starting, lower presser bar, and lower needle in material; holding top thread, pull bobbin thread through to top. Working from left to right, move hoops in an even

circular motion following the design. The needle thread will lie on top of the material, and the bobbin thread is pulled to the top, forming tiny loops over top thread. This is very effective for borders on handkerchiefs, children's clothes and blouses.

The "Darning," or "Back-and-Forth" stitch, is even easier to do, and is good for monograms. Speaking of monograms, they are everywhere, on everything—well, almost!—and I wonder if that alone wouldn't make us embroidery conscious.

Stamp your monogram, or any design, in the usual way. Prepare the machine in the same way as described above, except that you use a light, even tension both top and bottom. Lower the presser bar, and bring the bobbin thread to the top. Moving your hoops back and forth from top to bottom of the design, fill in solid with long and short stitches.

For small and dainty initials on handkerchiefs, or for outlining a scroll, or "Wall of Troy" design, try this "Purl" stitch. Prepare your material and place in hoops. Thread your machine with size #40 thread, or #70 tatting thread, on top, and a very fine thread on the bobbin—size 000 or 0000 mercerized is good. Adjust the bobbin tension slightly looser than usual, and the top tighter. Run the machine very slowly, and

move the hoops so slowly that stitches seem to pile on top of each other. The result appears to be a fine cord, for the bobbin thread is brought to the top, covering the top or needle thread.

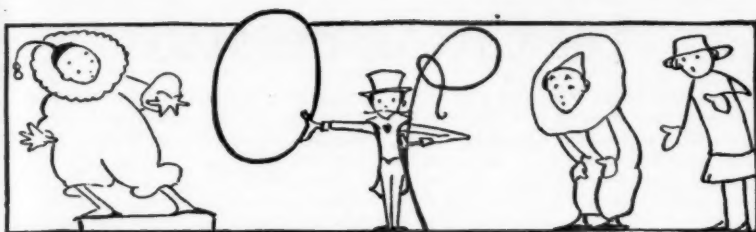
Now we'll take up our hand needle, and try the "Cross Stitch." This is one of the simplest of embroideries. Being of peasant origin, as you know, you will find it usually done in strong colors. This stitch is used for borders, samplers, monograms, silhouettes, and for various decorative uses. Care must be taken that crosses maintain a uniform size, keeping the same stitch direction.

HERE we are talking about initials again. Any style or design can be used. First, following a stamped outline, go over it with a short running stitch. Then fill in with long and short stitches, running lengthwise. This is known as padding. Cover by working across, bringing the stitches so close together that they appear to overlap. The result is a smooth raised finish.

Now for the real favorites for dainty work—the "French-knots" and the "Bullion" stitch! In hand embroidery these two stitches are indispensable. To make French knots, bring the needle and thread through fabric from the under side. Wind thread around needle two, three, or more times, depending on the size of knot desired. Holding the twisted threads around the needle, insert needle back into the fabric, and pull through to the under side. Bring the needle back through the fabric at the point of the next French knot. The "Bullion" stitch, used for sprays and small flowers, is easy, too. Bring the needle up at the end of a line or petal; with your left hand, wind the thread around the needle the number of times necessary to cover the length of stem or petal; draw the thread through, holding the wound coils firmly with the left thumb; insert the needle in the opposite end of the stem, and draw the thread through to under side. These stitches look well on lingerie and children's clothes.



CROSS-STITCHING GIRL SCOUT SAMPLERS IS A LOT OF FUN



## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Wrong Number

A motorist had an accident with his car. He limped painfully to a telephone booth and called up the nearest garage.

"Hello," he said, "I've turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"

"I'm afraid not," came the reply. "You've got the wrong number. What you want is the zoo."—Sent by BETTY SCHOFIELD, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Bad Outlook

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with the frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh," returned the patient, "and me a concrete mixer!"—Sent by MAXINE RAINIER, Brookston, Indiana.

### Marine

CITY CHILD: Mother, is it true that big fish in the ocean eat little sardines?

MOTHER: Yes, I believe it is true.

CHILD: How do they open the cans?—Sent by MARY POPE CREIGHTON, Nashville, Tennessee.

### A Promotion



"Now, boys," said the teacher, "tell me the signs of the zodiac. You first, Thomas."

"Taurus, the Bull."

"Right! Now, you, Harold, another one."

"Cancer, the Crab."

"Right again. And now it's your turn, Albert."

The boy looked puzzled, hesitated a moment, and then blurted out, "Mickey, the Mouse."—Sent by ALICE JOHNSON, La Grange, Illinois.

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### Reciprocity



JACK: Tommy, what's your greatest ambition?

TOMMY: To wash my mother's ears.  
—Sent by BARBARA ORKIN, Providence, Rhode Island.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Disguised

A small boy was walking down the street, leading a peculiar-looking poodle. A lady stopped him to ask what kind of a dog it was.

"A police dog," was the reply.

"A police dog! I never saw a police dog look like that," said the surprised woman.

"This dog is in the Secret Service," answered the boy, with dignity.—Sent by JANE GOVE, South Orange, New Jersey.

### Not Quite

CAPTAIN: What is the Girl Scout sign?  
TENDERFOOT: Tinfoil.—Sent by IRIS ALLEN, Neillsville, Wisconsin.

### Oh, Dear, No!



HER PARTNER: If you are tired of dancing, Miss Newrocks, we will sit down and have a little tête-à-tête.

MISS NEWROCKS: Oh, dear me, no! After such a big supper, I really couldn't eat another thing!—Sent by ARLENE OLMSTEAD, Janesville, Wisconsin.

### Empty!

The absent-minded professor drove up to his garage door, looked inside, then leaped back into the car and drove like fury to the police station.

"Sergeant," he gasped, "my garage is empty! My car has been stolen!"—Sent by MARIAN SELLECK, Otter Lake, Michigan.

### Bright

TEACHER: How long is the alimentary canal?

PUPIL: In miles?—Sent by ELLEN HOWARD, Marion, Illinois.



## How pretty is your bedroom?

If you want all the girls to envy your room—here's an easy way to "doll it" up! Just wash the windows—rub down the woodwork—and give your curtains a bath in Fels-Naptha Soap. In a jiffy, it will make everything bright and gay. Fels-Naptha, you see, brings you good golden soap and lots of naptha to loosen dirt quicker. Tell mother Fels-Naptha gets clothes cleaner, too—it banishes "tattle-tale gray."



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## The Cave of the Moon

(Continued from page 15)

There, at the lower edge of the break in the trail, Bill and Dave were standing side by side. They were too far away, and the moonlight not quite bright enough, to show her the expression on their faces, but from Bill's involuntary exclamation, she guessed their consternation.

"Kay! Honey!" Bill was shouting agitatedly, his hands cupped to his mouth. "What's happened? Why on earth didn't you wait in the cave till we came?"

"We heard the landslide," Kay called back clearly. "And Honey went too near the edge. But she's safe in that little pine, and has tied herself to the trunk with both our leather belts. One of you go for help, quickly, and the other stand by, please."

"Who thought of the belts—you?" Bill asked, relief and a warm approval apparent in his voice even at long range. "They'll hold, all right. But keep back from the edge yourself, Kay! You might not be so lucky about trees."

She saw them hold a swift conference, and then Bill darted off down the trail, going as if to a fire, and Dave seated himself on the sandy ground as near the gap as possible. Somehow the sight of his quiet, stocky figure, sitting there on watch, gave her new courage.

"Honey, Bill's gone for help," she called down softly to the little hunched-over figure between the pine branches. "Just make yourself as comfy as you can, and relax a bit. You're tied on tight, remember! And don't let your hands or feet go to sleep, if you can help it. Hold on with one hand, and move the other arm about for a while. I'm right here, watching, and Dave's just a little way down the trail."

"I'm—all right," Honey's subdued voice came back gamely. "Don't worry, Kay!"

Kay wanted desperately to call out to Dave to ask how long it would be before Bill could return with help, but she was afraid to ask.

Though the wind had died down completely with the passing of the storm, it was growing bitterly cold on the mountain top. Kay, feeling the chill of the ground strike through her thin linen riding clothes, shivered, but did not move. The thing she was most afraid of was that Honey might grow drowsy, and slip from her perch. She had spoken confidently about the perfect safety the belts provided, but in reality she wasn't so very sure.

She began to talk to Honey, in as casual a tone as she could manage. All the foolish notions that popped into her head; anything to hold Honey's attention.

"Funny my telling you that story tonight about that mountain girl, and the Cave of the Moon," Honey broke into her aimless remarks suddenly. She was leaning back against the pine's slender trunk, her face very young and white in the moonlight. "I'm kind of like her, aren't I, Kay?"

"Can't say I see it," Kay managed to say lightly, while her heart did a queer flip-flop inside her. "That tree you're anchored to hadn't started growing yet when your heroine went over. Makes a whole lot of difference, seems to me."

Honey gave a shaky laugh that cheered the anxious watcher above. "Well, rather," she agreed in almost her natural voice.

Kay went on talking. Now and then Dave called out a gruff, anxious question across the gap, and one or the other of the girls answered him.

Time seemed to move on leaden feet. Kay, glancing at her wrist watch, tried to read the dial in the moonlight, and failed. Had Bill been gone an hour? Or two—or only a few minutes?

Several times Honey's head sank with a little jerk toward the tree trunk beside her, and each time Kay roused her sharply with a warning word. Her own voice was growing hoarse from her steady talking, and she had to bite her lips more than once to keep her teeth from chattering audibly.

Once she saw the sudden spurt of a match, and guessed Dave was looking at his watch, but though she longed to know what he had read more than anything in the world at the moment, she wouldn't ask.

And then, when she felt she had been lying there, talking, all night, she caught the sound of voices far down the trail, and the clicking of horses' hoofs on stones.

Honey heard them, too, and sat up straight with a little cry; but Kay lay where she was, saying over and over, "Sit tight, Honey! Hold on—don't move yet. Don't look down—"

She had a vague feeling that she was still repeating the same words, senselessly, when strong hands lifted her to her feet and held her there firmly, for her legs were so cramped she couldn't have stood alone.

Men seemed to be all around her on the narrow trail, busy with ropes, calling out directions to Honey. Several more were steadying a sturdy farm ladder they had stretched, bridge-wise, across the ten-foot gap in the trail.

Bill was on one side of her, clapping her extravagantly on the back, and Dave on the other was holding her erect with a strong arm around her shoulders.

"Don't look while they're hauling Honey up," the latter advised her in a reassuring undertone. "She's as calm as a general under fire. Some kid, that Honey! Only better not look down that beastly abyss again, Kay, after all you've been through tonight."

"There!" Bill's voice came, loud with relief. "They have her up! Hi, Honey!" And the next moment Kay had the slim, shaking little figure tight in her arms, and the cousins were wiping surreptitious tears away on each other's shoulders.

But for all the happy ending, it was rather a subdued and sober procession that wound down the trail a few moments later on horseback. Four of the little party, at least, felt they had grown years older in a few short hours.

Kay, riding just back of Honey, glanced at the girl's erect shoulders with tenderness, and a relief so tremendous it was close to tears. Then turning her head, she met Bill's wholly friendly, admiring eyes.

She gave a quick sigh of content, as she smiled back. She was one of them now. Not just a strange cousin from the North any more, who was secretly afraid of most of the things they liked.

It was worth all she had gone through in the past few hours. And for the first time since leaving New York, she was conscious that her last, faint regrets about the European trip were finally and definitely obliterated.





## "PERSONAL APPEARANCE" CONTEST

"APRIL showers bring May flowers," and April's "Personal Appearance" Contest may bring AMERICAN GIRL readers "flowers" in the shape of cash and merchandise prizes for the best and most interesting instances of how you influence the purchases of your family, your relatives and your friends; also for full and careful answers to the twelve questions on "personal appearance" listed below. The contest is open to regular readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Every one who responds will be given her choice of any three of the trial-size merchandise prizes listed directly following the questions. Six readers who also give the most interesting answers to the question, "How I influenced my family, relatives or friends to purchase something new," (not merely personal appearance products—anything) will receive a \$5 first prize, two \$2 second prizes, and three \$1 Honorable Mention prizes. Winners of the March "Foodstuffs" contest will be announced in the May issue. Winners in this April "Personal Appearance" Contest will be given in June.

Three more Contests after this one. Why not enter ALL of them?

### CASH AND MERCHANDISE PRIZES

if you will answer twelve easy questions about yourself and your buying habits:

- Which of the following types of cosmetics and toilet goods do you use regularly? Which occasionally?
- In which do you have a voice in purchasing?

Check here for Reg. Occasional ally

Check here if you have a voice in their purchase

- BEAUTY AIDS**
- Cleansing Creams —
  - Dusting Powders —
  - Perfumes —
  - Face Powders —
  - Nail Polishes —
  - Compacts —
  - Astringents —
  - Bath Salts —
  - Toilet Soap —
  - Toothpaste —
  - Tooth Powder —
  - Tooth Brushes —
  - Shampoo —
  - Brushes & Combs —
  - Mirrors —
  - Cleansing Tissues —

- APPAREL**
- Hats —
  - Coats —
  - Dresses —
  - Hosiery —
  - Underwear —
  - Brassières —
  - Girdles —
  - Gloves & Mittens —
  - Shoes —
  - Shoe Dressings —
  - Overshoes and Galoshes —
  - Canvas Shoes (Athletic) —
  - Blouses and Bloomers —
  - Raincoats —
  - Umbrellas —
  - Pajamas & Nightgowns —
  - Beach Togs —
  - Handkerchiefs —
  - Scarfs & Neckwear —
  - Pocketbooks & Purses —
  - Jewelry —
  - Eyeglasses —
  - Wrist Watches —
  - Semi-Made Dresses —

- Are you allowed to shop for cosmetics and toiletries yourself or do your parents get them for you? Shop for them myself ☐ Parents buy them ☐

- Do you ever suggest that your parents, relatives or friends try new cosmetics and toiletries that you hear of, or see advertised? yes ☐ no ☐

- Are such cosmetics and toiletries ever given you as gifts on birthdays, anniversaries, graduation or other special occasions? yes ☐ no ☐

- If yes, which cosmetics and toiletries, and on which occasions? Articles: ☐ More Articles: ☐ Occasions: ☐

- Where do you usually purchase these products? Drug Store ☐ Dept. Store ☐ 5¢10¢ Store ☐

- Do you keep any of these articles at school, as well as at home? yes ☐ no ☐  
If yes, which? ☐

- Are you allowed to shop for various articles of apparel yourself, or does your mother always go with you? Shop myself ☐ Mother goes with me ☐

- Which articles of apparel are you allowed to buy yourself? ☐

- How old are you? (Yrs.) Do you plan to go to college or to business? ☐

- If you were given an allowance of five dollars a week to spend exactly as you wished, what would you do with the money? (Write in margin if extra space is needed.) ☐

### FREE! MERCHANDISE PRIZES! LIMITED QUANTITIES!

(Check any three—to be sent to you free by the manufacturer.)

- Four purse-size boxes of Hudnut's MARVELOUS Face Powder in 4 popular shades.
- A generous guest-size tube of BOST Toothpaste.
- A generous supply of Primrose DELV Cream.
- A generous sample of DUPAK Nail Polish with nail whitener.
- Sample bottle of CONTI Castile Shampoo.
- CONTI Castile Soap (sample).
- OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Kit (3 samples Face Powder—1 Beauty Cream—1 Perfume).
- Large trial-size package SHU-MILK for cleaning and whitening all kinds of white shoes.
- 32-page attractive booklet on CARE OF THE HAIR—hairdressing, scalp massage, marcel, cleansing, etc. (ACE COMBS).

### FREE!!! CASH PRIZES!! FREE!!!

Tell us truly on the lines below how you influenced your family's, your relatives' or your friends' purchases last month.

Dear American Girl Magazine: Last month I influenced my family in buying the following:

Products Purchased:

How I influenced my family to purchase them (or bought them myself):

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Go over the questionnaire to make sure it is carefully filled out—then mail to THE AMERICAN GIRL

Contest Editor, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. "PERSONAL APPEARANCE" CONTEST CLOSING AT MIDNIGHT, APRIL 30TH

Reader's Name  Street  City  State

If you would rather not tear out this page, we will send you a copy of this questionnaire on request to the Contest Editor.





# Skill in sewing - that's the answer to



## "Personal Appearance"

Skill in sewing is the answer for every Girl Scout who likes smart party frocks and neat school clothes. Today, the fortunate young girl who knows how to sew is the envy of her classmates.

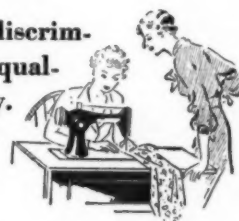
With a modest clothes allowance she has more good times, more smart dresses, and besides, loads of fun in making them.

And remember...the Girl Scout who sews has every advantage in shopping. She learns how to value and choose fabrics, patterns and accessories...fashions to suit her personality...she need never wear outdated clothes...



she learns to discriminate between quality and quantity.

—Ask your mother...she knows.



If you don't sew now, you can learn at the Singer Sewing Circle. There are no dues, all you do is register at your Singer neighborhood Shop. Come in and register—bring your mother and friends. Each Wednesday afternoon an expert instructor will

teach you how to use a modern Singer Electric, so you may learn to make your own frocks, undies, gifts, and draperies for your room.

## Your leader will help you



If the girls in your troop are interested in joining the Singer Wednesday afternoon Sewing Circle, as a group, ask your leader to drop in or telephone your Singer neighborhood Shop, and tell the instructor how many members to expect. All instruction, including use of swift, new electric sewing machines, is absolutely free to members of Girl Scout Troops.

# SINGER

## SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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# A GIFT for Your Troop ...from "The American Girl"



NOW your Girl Scout troop can have its own china tea set, decorated with THE AMERICAN GIRL colophon in green. In case you don't know this seal of your own magazine, we are showing it to you, to the left of this paragraph. It is the same as the seal on the Earn-Your-Own Club stationery.

The tea set consists of eight plates, and eight cups and saucers of genuine English dinnerware. The background is a lovely cream color, and with the green border and green decoration, it will go with any color scheme. You will surely want this china in your troop room to use when you have invited guests to tea.

The American importers, who are well known for their own chinaware, have devoted much time and thought to making THE AMERICAN GIRL china attractive and distinctive. It is fun to use this specially designed tea set which lends charm to entertaining.

HOW can you get the set? Just ask your captain to write to *Betty Brooks*, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

A plate and cup and saucer are shown below, but it is impossible to realize, from a black and white photograph, how lovely the china is. If you want to serve more than eight people, there's nothing to prevent your troop from earning more than one set. You will want yours to be the first troop in your neighborhood to have these special dishes, so it's a good idea to start working for them right now.

There are less than 100 sets available—first come, first served!

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